

# PRABUDDHA BHARATA

or AWAKENED INDIA

A monthly journal of the Ramakrishna Order  
started by Swami Vivekananda in 1896



October 2017

Vol. 122, No. 10

₹ 15.00

# THE ROAD TO WISDOM

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA ON

## *Holier than Thou II*

There was a certain king who had a huge number of courtiers, and each one of these courtiers declared that he was ready to sacrifice his life for his master. A Sannyasin came to the king. The king said to him that there never was a king who had so many sincere courtiers as he had. The king said the Sannyasin could test it if he liked. So the Sannyasin declared that he would make a great sacrifice by which the king's reign would be extended very long, with the condition that there should be made a small tank into which each one of his courtiers should pour a pitcher of milk, in the dark of night. The king smiled and asked his courtiers to come to him, and told them what was to be done. They all expressed their joyful assent to the proposal and returned. In the dead of night, they came and emptied their pitchers into the tank. But in the morning, it was found full of water only. The courtiers were assembled and each one of them had thought there would be so many pitchers of milk that his water would not be detected. Unfortunately most of us have the same idea and we do our share of work as did the courtiers. There is so much idea of equality, says the priest, that my little privilege will not be detected. So say our rich men, so say the tyrants of every country. Priestcraft is in its nature cruel and heartless. That is why religion goes down where priestcraft arises. Says the Vedanta, we must give up the idea of privilege, then will religion



come. Before that there is no religion at all. Let us work for that knowledge which will bring the feeling of sameness towards all mankind. You think that because you talk a little more polished language you are superior to the man in the street. Remember that when you are thinking this, you are not going towards freedom, but you are forging a fresh chain for your feet. And, above all, if the pride of spirituality enters into you, woe unto you. It is the most awful bondage that ever existed. Neither can wealth nor any other bondage of the human heart bind the soul so much as this. "I am purer than others", is the most awful idea that can enter into the human heart. In what sense are you pure? The God in you is the God in all. If you have not known this, you have known nothing. How can there be difference? It is all one. Every being is the temple of the Most High; if you can see that, good, if not, spirituality has yet to come to you.

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From *The Complete Works of Swami Vivekananda*, (Kolkata: Advaita Ashrama, 2016), 1.417-19.



**Vol. 122, No. 10**  
**October 2017**

# **PRABUDDHA BHARATA**

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**A monthly journal of the Ramakrishna Order  
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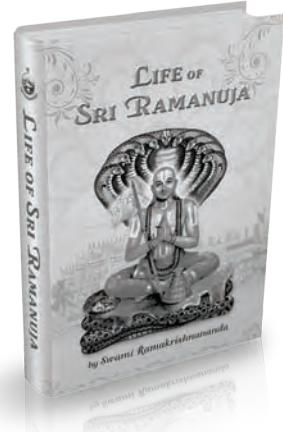
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**Arise! Awake! And stop not till the goal is reached!**

## Maitrayaniya Upanishad

October 2017  
Vol. 122, No. 10

### मैत्रायणीयोपनिषत्

तस्माद्वा एष उभयात्मैवंविदात्मन्येवाभिध्यायत्यात्मन्येव यजतीति ध्यानं प्रयोगस्थं मनो विद्वद्भिष्टुतं  
मनः-पूतिमुच्छिष्टोपहतमित्यनेन तत्पावयेत् । मन्त्रं पठति । उच्छिष्टोच्छिष्टोपहतं यच्च पापेन दत्तं  
मृतसूतकाद्वा वसोः पवित्रमग्निः सवितुश्च रश्मयः पुनन्त्वन्नं मम दुष्कृतञ्च यदन्यत् । अद्भिः  
पुरस्ताद् परिदधाति । प्राणाय स्वाहापानाय स्वाहा व्यानायस्वाहा समानाय स्वाहोदानाय स्वाहेति  
पञ्चभिरभिजुहोति ।

॥६.९॥

*Tasmad va esha ubhaya-atmaivam-vid-atmany-eva-abhidhyayaty-atmany-eva yajatiti  
dhyanam prayogastham mano vidvad-bhishtutam manah-putim-uchchhishtopahatam-  
ity-anena tat-pavayet. Mantram pathati. Uchchhishtochchhishtopahatam yachcha papena  
dattam mritasutakad-va vasoh pavitram-agnih savitushcha rashmayah punatvannam mama  
dushkritancha yadanyat. Adbhish purastad paridadhati. Pranaya svaha-apanaya svaha vyanaya-  
svaha samanaya svah-odanaya svah-eti panchabbir-abhijuhoti.* (6.9)

Therefore, indeed, one who knows that this has both these, breath and the sun, as one's self, meditates only on one's self, sacrifices only to one's self. Such meditation, the mind absorbed in such practice, is praised by the wise. One should purify the impurity of one's mind with the verse, 'What has been defiled by the leavings'. One reads the verse. 'Leavings or what has been defiled by leavings and what has been given by a sinner or what is rendered impure by a still birth, may the purifying power of Vasu, Agni, and of Savitri's rays purify my food and any other that may be evil.' First before taking one's food, one swathes one's breath with water. Hail to the *prana* breath, hail to the *apana* breath, hail to the *vyana* breath, hail to the *samana* breath, hail to the *udana* breath. With these five invocations, one offers the oblation. (6.9)



# THIS MONTH

**D**EATH IS ONLY FEARED, not much thought upon ordinarily. How to define death and how to understand its cause? Is it possible to overcome it? These and related issues are discussed in **Defining Death**.

Sister Nivedita's life and teachings are remnants of a bygone era that beckon us to ignite our lives with at least an iota of inspiration that revolutionised that glorious life. Hers was an unbelievably active life and newer and newer material is being discovered even today, after 150 years of her birth. Sarada Sarkar, researcher and history teacher from Croydon, UK has relentlessly pursued all connections of Sister Nivedita and has established contact with her living relatives. To one such relative, Chris Orpen, she sent the January 2017 issue of *Prabuddha Bharata*, which was focussed on the theme 'Sister Nivedita: Offered to India'. Orpen wrote to Sarada Sarkar with full of appreciation and also with rare archival material on and by Sister Nivedita. The facsimiles of that material and their transcription is being provided in **Sister Nivedita's Unpublished Letter and Family Papers**. These papers include Sister Nivedita's letter to her sister Mary or May Wilson; two letters by Dr Jagadish Chandra Bose to May Wilson; three letters by Abala Bose, wife of Dr Jagadish Chandra Bose, to May Wilson; and many other important materials.

Swami Saradeshananda was an illumined beacon among the disciples of Sri Sarada Devi. His spiritual wisdom and insight have inspired the lives of countless spiritual aspirants. Swami Shuklatmananda, a monk at Ramakrishna

Mission Sevashrama, Haridwar, served Swami Saradeshananda for ten years from 1978 to 1988 in Vrindavan. He shares with the readers his precious and blissful experiences in the holy company of Swami Saradeshananda in the sixth instalment of **Gems of Memories: Reminiscences of Swami Saradeshananda**.

Swami Sandarshanananda, a monk at Ramakrishna Mission Ashrama, Narendrapur, Kolkata, in the tenth instalment of **Saga of Epic Proportions**, shows how Sister Nivedita supported Dr Jagadish Chandra Bose.

Many wonderful nuggets of wisdom contained in ancient scriptures are difficult to understand. In *Balabodha*, such ancient wisdom is made easy. This month's topic is **Nididhyasana**. Understanding this word is necessary to understand this process, which is the important third step of spiritual life.

Same action, if done with different motives, could create different results and hence we should not have any expectation while doing anything as shown in the story **Karma Yoga**. This story is this month's *Traditional Tales* and has been translated from the Tamil book *Arulneri Kathaigal*.

Constantine Sedikides, Professor of Psychology, University of Southampton, UK and Steven J Spencer, Associate Professor and Chair, Social Psychology Division, University of Waterloo, Canada and secretary and chair-elect of the executive committee of the Society for Experimental Psychology, have edited the book **The Self**. From this book, we bring you this month's *Manana*.

# Defining Death

**D**EFINING DEATH is akin to defining life. One does not mean anything without the other. There are various perspectives from which to look upon death. Death could be defined as the disconnection from the body, vital breath, mind, and so on. You suddenly disconnect and die. This is an interesting perspective on death. You don't die in reality; you just disconnect yourself from the body. This means that birth is connecting oneself to a body. Birth does not mean that you come into existence. You already exist. You always exist. Birth is just an assertion of your ignorance. When an intelligent person becomes ignorant, she or he takes birth. That is what the scriptures say. When you are full of knowledge and suddenly you become a fool, you take birth! You come to this world. Even with your pristine purity and innate knowledge, suddenly you think yourself attached to the body, you get yourself connected to this body because of delusion, because of maya and then you take birth.

So, what is death? Disconnecting from the body. And death is of course destruction, destruction in the dualistic sense of the term; destruction of duality. You have destruction only when you have a sense of construction, when you have a sense of creation. The very idea of creation is an abhorring idea in Advaita Vedanta. What can you create? This is an illusion. There is no creation at all. All that you see is because of your ignorance. The entire universe that we see is of a variegated nature and is nothing but a reflection of our ignorance or reflection that

is born out of our ignorance. So, death is destruction. Death could also figuratively mean the loss of wealth and honour. People who do

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**Death is desire. The more one desires, the more would one die.**

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not have wealth have no problems. Those who have wealth, have enough problems! As the body and vital energy are material, so is wealth. So if a person can identify oneself with the body, it is as dumb as identifying oneself with one's bank balance. Apparently, it may seem that it is alright if a person is alive and is identifying oneself with the body, but if somebody identifies oneself with the bank balance, it is wrong. But seen from a higher perspective, both are the same. Your identification with your bank balance or with your body is essentially of the same nature. That is also death.

Death could also be defined as dissolution. Now, this is from a larger, macro, perspective. From an individual perspective, micro, perspective, my body is *the* body. Advaita Vedanta holds that both the macro and the micro are one's own creation; this world does not exist as one sees it. It is because of one's ignorance that one projects it so. When the world will die, there will be dissolution.

The very concepts of birth and death come out of ignorance. If you do not have ignorance, you will not have the concept of death. Death is a creation that is born out of ignorance. Death is natural action and natural knowledge. It is

mundane that I will die, that I am yawning, that I am about to fall asleep, because of some boring talk that is capable of inducing sleep when tranquillisers cannot! Death is also born out of desire. This appears to be ironical. We all desire to live long. How is it that death is born out of desire? The very desire which makes you yearn for a long life is ignorance, and that very desire will propel you towards death. This is of course a more practical definition of death. Desire will propel you to indulge in sense pleasures and thereby you will wear out your body and mind and end up dying quickly! The more desires you have the more taxed you will be. You will be taxing your body and mind and senses and you will die sooner.

Death could also be defined as hunger. There could be many interpretations of this definition. The simplest one would be something like this. If you are hungry and you are not provided food, you will die; death out of starvation. Death is considered by many to be something that is evil. This is predominantly a Judeo-Christian concept. Eastern traditions do not consider death to be evil. From the perspective of Advaita Vedanta, it is evil because it is ignorance. It is because of ignorance that one thinks of death. To exhaust all the accumulated effects of one's actions, one needs to identify with a body. So, death is evil because it takes away the opportunity of using the body.

Death can also be defined as darkness. Death brings fatigue, that is, when one nears death, all energy is lost. No one can actually claim to have the first-hand experience of death. Near-death experiences are not the same as death itself. Much like the experience of the knowledge of Brahman, the experience of death also cannot be expressed, albeit for a quite different reason! Zombies still are just a figment of imagination!

Death can also be seen as the superimposition

of ignorance. It is a superimposition, which is brought out of ignorance. Death essentially occurs because of the idea of duality. It occurs because one perceives difference, because one differentiates oneself from the universe and identifies with a particular body. Death is therefore the identification with the body, as was said earlier.

As seen earlier, death is desire. The more one desires, the more would one die, some deaths occurring in the same lifetime! Hence, everyone should desire less and less. That could set all of us on the path to immortality.

Though death remains to be the only certain thing in any life, what exactly brings about death has been the field of inquiry for scientists and philosophers alike. Presently, all explanations of the death of a life-form are at best, postmortem ratiocinations of an unknown phenomenon. In spite of there being no dearth of cultural, religious, and mythical studies on death, attempts to ensure a peaceful exit from life are relatively new; particularly for the terminally-ill patients.

Death is a huge irony, huge dichotomy that goes unnoticed. The biggest wonder of death is that it is not at all noticed, at least not one's own death. Every one of us here is certain of our life, which is the least certain thing in our lives. The most certain thing, death, is totally uncared for, unplanned for, and goes unnoticed. Everyone clings on to the body and has a strong desire to live. It becomes difficult to give it up. Death is a big delusion as is birth. The delusion that somebody loves you, that you love somebody—all these delusions, all these illusions within the bigger illusion of this world—appear because of this desire to live, the desire to survive. The only way to go beyond death is to go beyond duality, go beyond ignorance, and to do away with ignorance.





# Sister Nivedita's Unpublished Letter and Family Papers

Sarada Sarkar

IT WAS 4 JULY 2017, the day which is very special for so many reasons, mainly because 115 years ago, on this day, Swami Vivekananda started his journey to eternity. However, the postman wanted a signature, so the post was returned in my absence. Mr Chris Orpen sends me a parcel of their family papers. So I rushed to the post office. My heart was beating heavily, I knew that in a few moments, I will touch the history, feel the warmth, smell the fragrance of the Sri Ramakrishna era, where everyone belonged to Ramakrishna-Vivekananda.

Let me describe Mr Chris Orpen. A very sharp and intelligent man, who even at the age of eighty-seven, owns a good sense of humour and a clear memory of past. He is the grandson of Mrs Mary Wilson, Sister Nivedita's sister. Mr Orpen lives in South Africa. However, both of his sons are here in the United Kingdom and are extremely well established and respected in the British society. He wrote the following email on 28 June 2017:

Dear Sarada,

You kindly sent the referenced document<sup>1</sup> to my son Prof A G Orpen some time ago, and he passed it on to me as he was aware of my interest in my great-aunt Margaret Elizabeth Noble, better known as Sister Nivedita.

I have read much of the document (about a third of the 330 pages)—not all but enough



*From Left: Mary Isabel Noble (Mother of Sister Nivedita), Richmond Noble (Brother), Sister Nivedita, and Mary Noble (Sister)*

to note a few minor differences between what is recorded in that document, things I remember being told by my 'Gammer' [grandmother] Mary ( May) Louise Wilson, and other items of interest which I have picked up from correspondence between my late aunt Ruth Olave Wilson (Grancy) [May had two daughters, Margaret Bose Wilson and Ruth Olave Wilson] and her first cousin Isabel Whitney (nee Noble and daughter of Richmond Noble, younger brother of Nivedita and May) including the relationship with Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose and May's immediate family. That correspondence and few other pieces (some handwritten by Nivedita) which only recently came into my possession and I have bundled them all together and will post it to you, when I know to what address I should send it.

1. I recall being told by my Gammer that she and her elder sister were sent to a school

(I thought seemingly wrongly) in the Lake District for the 'children of impecunious or impoverished children of clergymen', which I now find from your document was The Crossley Heath School in Halifax which was in the main actually an orphanage and founded by members of the Congregational Church. There she [May Wilson] told me they received more religion than food, that it was extremely strict, and that it had not been a happy time for her. She was, when I knew her, in her sixties and early seventies, a slightly built lady with a very erect posture, one which she got as a child when required to sit at the table erectly, with a ribbon tied round her chest to ensure that she did so. In some of the correspondence it is noted that she [May] promised Sister N [Nivedita] never to reveal anything of their time at that school. They were I believe very close and trusted one another completely. I suspect that either she was ashamed, or more likely, she wished to avoid sympathy (which I gather she never sought). My aunt Grancy [Ruth] said that she had never been aware that her mother May had ever lived in Lancashire prior to her father [Ernest Wilson] moving his business from Bradford to Manchester in the early 1900s. So well-kept was their understanding. I know she was eight when she [May] first went to that school and Sister N was ten. Their brother Richmond (grandfather to Selenda Gerardin, who you know) was sent to stay with their grandparents (the 'Hamiltons') who were very religious and members (I think of the Anglican Church of Ireland) where he was required each and every day to read alternate chapters of the Holy Bible with his grandfather. Result, no doubt that he had become an expert on the Bible. As an aside, during World War I he was one of the only commanders from his regiment to survive the battle of the Somme and he came away with forty pieces of shrapnel in his body.

He was also an expert on Shakespeare and the music associated with the Bard's plays. Where their mother [Sister Nivedita's mother] was at that time I do not know, she had had a very hard life having lost several other children at young ages and a husband who was only thirty-four when he died.

2. Sister N's father was a devout non-conformist Christian Wesleyan or Methodist minister who whilst originally apprenticed to the linen trade only wanted to enter the church. He approached the Church of Ireland for assistance with his studies and was refused help from that quarter, and he was eventually given help by the Congregational Church which was also non-conformist to go to Oxford. It is therefore not surprising that Sister N and May were both sent to the Heath Crossley School in Halifax, a Congregational Church sponsored school. He must later have joined the Wesleyan church first in Oldbury Yorkshire, and later in Torrington, Devon where he was when he died (like his daughter Sister N, ministering to the sick).
3. In much of the writings you sent, there is mention made of the support given by Sister N's grandparents to Home Rule for Ireland, a fact in some doubt according to my Aunt Grancy and her cousin Isabel Whitney (vide correspondence which I will send you). Their view is consistent with the Hamilton's very strong Protestant beliefs but who knows as there are other contrary opinions.
4. I am fascinated by the connection of the family with Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose. It seems there was a close relationship between Nivedita and Sir Jagadish in that she edited much of his writings. In addition he is well famed for his work on early methods of detecting radio signals. He was very friendly with my grandparents May and Ernest Jowett Wilson, and gave his name to my mother who was named at her baptism as

Margaret Bose Wilson. He was also named as her godfather! Another connection is the fact that my grandfather Ernest Jowett Wilson, a scientist/engineer had been working on things to do with radio. I have a cartoon drawn by a Mr R H Facey which shows him in his workshop with pictures in the background of Marconi, Edison, Bell, and another with a question mark indicating a possible place for him in that august company. There are a few letters from Sir J C Bose and from his wife Abala to Mrs Wilson (May) after Nivedita's death and also to my aunt who was a young girl at the time. This is further evidence of their friendship. My grandfather died in 1926 and Sir J C Bose, I think in 1937.<sup>2</sup> From the correspondence it seems he (Sir J C) was naturally devastated by Nivedita's passing.

5. I also have another similar (original watercolour) R H Facey cartoon, which shows my grandfather [Ernest Jowett Wilson] reading a book called *ISM* and a figure holding a document 'Swami' and a bloodstained dagger over his head. I have made a copy of it and attached it to the other documents. I was at first perplexed by the cartoon until, on reading further about Vivekananda's teaching that all isms lead to fanaticism and in time, to disaster, I began to understand the cartoon's significance. It would seem that other members of my family were also influenced by him.

I am sure that much of the above is not new to you nor to others who have written about Nivedita nor about Sir J C Bose other than to add some personal touches to the story of a fascinating woman and an interesting scientist. As noted above, I will gladly post the documents recently acquired by me to you so please let me have an address in the UK where I am at the moment.

Yours sincerely  
C M W Orpen

This is the transcript of Grancy's letter to her cousins:

[Page 1]

MMSBIEKERS

Buitekant Street,  
Swellendam 674 on R S A

8.5.77

(My Mother's Birthday—and Mothering Sunday).

Dear Cousins,

I have been more than disturbed by the letters and also in the beginnings of the two books—the *Lizelle Reymond*<sup>3</sup> and the *Barbara Foxe*.<sup>4</sup> I feel that while the latter may have a devotion for the Yoga and modern devotions and the desire for meditations, that she has missed

*Watercolour Cartoon by R H Facey  
Showing Ernest Jowett Wilson Reading a Book titled 'ISM'*





MADRASKERS.

Suitekant Street,  
Swellendam 6740a R.S.A

6. 5. 77.

(My Mother's Birthday...and Mothering Sunday.)

Dear Cousins,

I have been more than disturbed by the letters and also in the beginnings of the two books - the Linette Raymond and the Barbara Foxe. I feel that while the latter may have a devotion for the Yoga and modern devotions and the desire for meditations, that she has missed out on what the intention of Nivedita really was.

In her own belief - right or wrong - Nivedita became Hinduism. She was one with Kali and the Swami Vivekananda.

Her very early belief in the furtherance of education for children came from various sources. The children themselves - Margaret, Mary and Rich, all were richly endowed with a thirst for knowledge, and came from people who spent more time thinking and teaching than in eating.

The girls' home in Wimbledon was an oasis for keen mental brains.

I know quite a lot of that period, and all in all, I think that Aunt Margaret was the very ripe plum to be the dedicated teacher, devotee, saint and gospel that she was.

They do not come often, and Sister Christine, etc were never in the same category, as Margaret NEVER thought of what she might reap out of all she gave. She had, though, this terrific GIVING gift. Once she had studied enough and realized that India needed her - she gave herself to India forever.

Page 1

Unpublished Letter of Ruth Olave Wilson (Grancy) to Her Cousins Dated 8 May 1977.

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All the same, I feel that Margaret was ready for wider fields, and that the Swamiji was shrewd enough to realize that first class lay at his feet and he took advantage of what he needed most - a real true devotee.

Nivedita was - I believe - starved for natural love (except my mother, who adored her) and that, unwillingly great emotions came into play, and she was ready to give herself, heart and soul into what was so badly needed and asked of her.

I have always felt that this must have been when heaven and earth MET. when Nivedita and the Hindu woman first walked together in the streets of Calcutta.

Make no mistake, Aunt Margaret did not go to India on a wave of cheap emotion. It was a result of MONTHS of deep thought, discussion and misgiving. Granny was rigid in her views, but Mother told me that she never ever stood in Aunt Margaret's way, and neither did their "savante garde" friends of the Wimbledon time.

My Mother was secretary to V.T. Stead (whom she adored) and had to leave her post to take over the Pasterelli and Montessori school at Wimbledon, and keep house for Granny. This meant sacrifices for OTHER people for Nivedita to travel to her future.

History has proved that she did a wonderful thing. I cannot begin to tell you of the wonderful people who came to our house because of Aunt Margaret..... but I wonder how she would react to-day? Especially as the American Yellow Press caused her death from exhaustion.

I will go through my papers soon, and send you a photograph of Granny in the most beautiful "Nellie Wallace" feather box. Doubtless the height of fashion then.

I have so many of Nivedita's letters to me, and pictures of the wonderful Nivedita school in Calcutta, but I never complete all I want to do.

Page 2

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These are the transcripts of the two newly found unpublished letters of Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose to Mrs Wilson or May Wilson:

1

[Page 1]

93 Upper Circular Rd

28.3.12

My dear Mrs Wilson,

I send an account of the Memorial Meeting.

93 Upper Circular Rd  
28.3.12

My dear Mrs Wilson,  
I send an account  
of the Memorial Meeting. You will  
see how she had won the heart  
of India, representatives from  
every part of which came to do  
her honour. The speakers are the  
leading men of India. You will  
see how universally beloved  
she is. "We all know how she was  
like a torch - light to others,  
waste and destruction to herself."  
Thus was her life consumed

Page 1

Unpublished Letter of Dr J C Bose to Mrs May Wilson

Dated 28 March 1912.

You will see how she had won the heart of India, representatives from every part of which came to do her honour. The speakers are the leading men of India. You will see how universally beloved she is. 'We all know how she was like a torch-light to others, waste and destruction to herself.' Thus was her life consumed

[Page 2]

through excessive love and service. Perhaps no life could have been more enviable; and he called when life was at the highest point of activity, surrounded by love and her memory calling forth ever growing devotion.

When this is the feeling of those who knew her from outside, what must it be of those whose lives she touched deeply? Can anything small or commonplace ever satisfy then? One



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When this is the feeling of those who knew her from outside, what must it be of those whose lives she touched deeply? Can anything small or commonplace ever satisfy them? One may forget, but that means forgetting all that is worthwhile in one's life.

There was only one, who stood for truth and strength, and for no compromise. It was easy to have faith for that when she was near. Never did life and its possibilities appear so great as in those last few years, which appeared outwardly as defeat. Who would care for any success compared to that strenuous life in defeat?

God be with you &

Yours

Yours sincerely  
J. C. Bose

Pages 2 and 3

Unpublished Letter of Dr J C Bose to Mrs May Wilson  
Dated 28 March 1912.

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[Page 3]

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God be with you and yours,

Yours sincerely,

J C Bose

2

[Page 1]

12.5.1913

My dear Mrs Wilson,

The difficulty of having my laboratory at a distance is the cost of supervision. After me my nephew will rent my house, which will go for the upkeep of the laboratory. He will also be able to supervise. There is no help for it, and I have written for closing with the purchase of land next to my house. I shall then go on with the building. All this is troublesome. Worst of all would be the rules and regulations for the continuance of the institution.

I have N's diaries for the last five years. Then



there is a special one in which she had put in chronological order the letters she received from me describing the birth of an idea and all about my research. There is no one else who could use the material, she alone had the patience to follow the intricacies of my thought and could have made the history of my work interesting.

About the *Memoir*: I do not know whether you will understand me when I say that in several things she was greater than her

[Page 2]

teachers. You saw her while she was struggling to get more and more light. We knew her after she had attained. What is known ordinarily as 'religion' is nothing. She learnt how to throw away her life for an idea, it was we who restrained her. Do not misunderstand me. To the monks of the Order, religion is some daily observance, in which life's hard duties form little part, in which the life and struggle of the nation has no connection. It was because of her burning love for all who had been dispossessed, that she took all the burden of the great sorrow that weighed down the nation. And out of despair, people heard from her the message of life. No one knows what her service has been, no one can do justice to it. There are a few like Arabinda Ghose who could have borne testimony to what she did. Though she was like a child ignorant in many things, too trusting, and perhaps a little superstitious, yet we felt awed by the purity and greatness of her life. No one can write her life. So it is best to be contented with new publication of her correspondence.

[Page 3]

I will send you copies of correspondence. I have

- (1) Mrs Ole Bull's
- (2) Mine
- (3) Will get Mr Dutt's
- (4) Will also try Digby's

Mr Ratcliffe will get his own, Cheyne,

12<sup>th</sup> May 1913

My dear Mrs Wilson

The difficulty of having my laboratory at a distance is the loss of supervision, which costs a considerable amount. As for my nephew will rent my house, which will go for the upkeep of the Laboratory. He will also be able to supervise. There is no help for it, and I have written for closing with the purchase of land next long house. I shall then go on with the building. Well this is troublesome. Work of all kinds and the rules and regulations for the convenience of the institution.

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Page 2

Unpublished Letter of Dr J C Bose to Mrs May Wilson  
Dated 12 May 1913.

I will send you copies of correspondence. I have  
 (1) Mrs. Ole Bull's  
 (2) mine  
 (3) will get Mr. Buetto  
 (4) will also to Sigby's

Mr. Radcliffe will get  
 his son, Cheyne, Koomaraswami (I do not like  
 the man!) Havell (he is a fine man) Geddes,  
 you may get Miss Longfellow and Miss Lamb  
 through Mrs. MacLeod.

I will write to the chicks soon. God bless  
 them. It is no use imagining impossibilities.  
 I don't live long to see them grown. I shall be  
 happy to think that at least one of them will live  
 to be fine and a worthy niece.

Yours sincerely,  
 J. C. Bose

Page 3

Unpublished Letter of Dr J C Bose to Mrs May Wilson  
 Dated 12 May 1913.

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Yours sincerely,

J C Bose

These are the transcripts of the three newly  
 found unpublished letters of Mrs Abala Bose to  
 Mrs Wilson or May Wilson:

1

[Page 1]

93 Upper Circ. Road  
 4th Jan 1912

My dear Mrs Wilson,

93 Upper Circ. Rd  
 4th Jan. 1912  
 Mrs Wilson  
 My dear Mrs Wilson  
 Your letters are so  
 welcome & comforting. They  
 make us feel that Nivedita  
 is with us still, and  
 your assurance that all  
 was well with her since  
 she was with us is very  
 soothing for it seems that  
 she from the other world  
 is telling us that. We loved  
 her dearly and she was  
 most precious to us but  
 moments of indifference  
 come & stab my heart.

Page 1

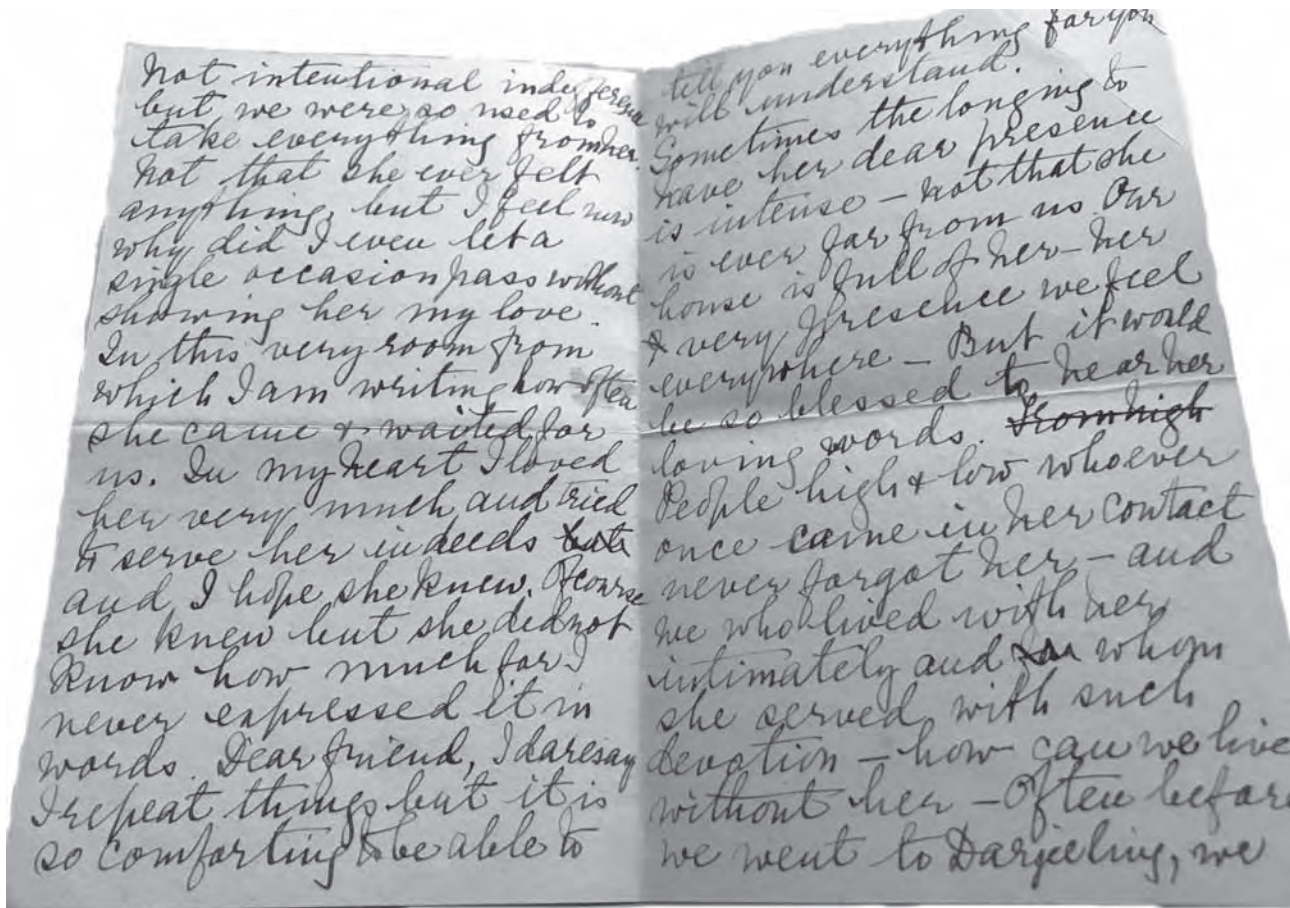
Unpublished Letter of Mrs Abala Bose to Mrs May Wilson  
 Dated 4 January 1912.

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 still, and your assurance that all was well with  
 her since she was with us is very soothing for it  
 seems that she from the other world is telling us  
 that. We loved her dearly and she was most pre-  
 cious to us but moments of indifference come  
 and stab my heart.

[Page 2]

Not intentional indifference but we were so  
 used to take [sic] everything from her. Not that  
 she ever felt anything, but I feel now why did  
 I even let a single occasion pass without show-  
 ing her my love. In this very room from which  
 I am writing how often she came and waited  
 for us. In my heart I loved her very much and  
 tried to serve her in deeds and I hope she knew.  
 Of course she knew but she did not know how  
 much for I never expressed it in words. Dear  
 friend, I daresay I repeat things but it is so com-  
 forting to be able to





Pages 2 and 3

Unpublished Letter of Mrs Abala Bose to Mrs May Wilson  
Dated 4 January 1912.

[Page 3]

tell you everything for you will understand.

Sometimes the longing to have her dear presence is intense—not that she is ever far from us. Our house is full of her—her very presence we feel everywhere—But it would be so blessed to hear her loving words. People high and low, whoever, once came in her contact never forgot her—and we who lived with her intimately and whom she served with such devotion—how can we live without her—often before we went to Darjeeling, we

[Page 4]

had a talk about who will die first but I never thought she would go so soon.

Lady Minto has written a beautiful letter to Christine which I want to send to you. Christine has at last come to Calcutta and means to take up the work.

We really do not know what to make of her. She is difficult to deal with. With Nivedita one always knew where one stood but it is beyond us to understand Christine. To the last she wrote she was not coming to Calcutta but all of a sudden, she came here and I hope she means to stay.

[Written on the top of Page 1]

With much love,

Yours loving,

Abala Bose

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Page 4

Unpublished Letter of Mrs Abala Bose to Mrs May Wilson  
Dated 4 January 1912.

2

[Page 1]

14th Dec

My dear Mrs Wilson,

Your loving letter was most welcome. Your grief and ours can never abate. Daily we miss her more and more. The sorrow seems to deepen daily. We were almost growing together so to say—she always being the leader. Thousand 'might haves' are torturing us daily. We did what ordinary people do for each other but never more. We took everything from her as our right

[Page 2]

and never gave anything in return. The misery of what we could have done to prolong her life

14th Dec.

My dear Mrs Wilson  
Your loving letter was most welcome. Your grief and ours can never abate. Daily we miss her more and more. The sorrow seems to deepen daily. We were almost growing together so to say—she always being the leader. Thousand 'might haves' are torturing us daily. We did what ordinary people do for each other but never more. We took everything from her as our right

Page 1

Unpublished Letter of Mrs Abala Bose to Mrs May Wilson  
Dated 14 December.

is intense. How thoughtless we are. We never think of these things in time. Are we not like children? She gave and gave never thinking of herself—if she thought a little we would not have lost her. We tried our best to make her work less but we could easily have kept a horse and taken her for drives, thus giving her some fresh air. She was worth our spending all we had—but we were thoughtless. Never did we

[Page 3]

do half the things we could have done. We thought she was ours for life. I cannot express to you all that we feel. She was so much to both of us. My poor husband is like a log now—he is dragging himself on in a way. His life is so lonely—He does not find anyone to whom he can talk even on science. And there she was playing with him, laughing with him, crying



and never gave anything in return. The misery of what we could have done to prolong her life is intense. How thoughtless we are. We never think of these things in time. ~~We too~~ Are we not Christ like children.

I She gave and gave never thinking of herself - if she thought a little we would not have lost her. We tried our best to make her work less but we could easily have kept a horse & taken her for drives, & thus giving her some fresh air. She was worth our spending all we had - but we were thoughtless. Never did we do half the things we could have done. We thought she was ours for life. I can not express to you all that we feel - She was so much to both of us. My poor husband is like a dog now - he is dragging himself on in a way. His life is so lonely - He does not find anyone to whom he can talk even on science. And there she was playing with him, laughing with him, crying with him & working with him! Even in Darjeeling when she lay ill I used to tell her how she has spoiled him and that nobody could do what she does for him and what patience she had with him. And what patience she had with him. She had filled our lives with everything good & noble - Our happiness was

Pages 2 and 3

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[Page 4]

complete without her, now where shall we go? You will understand the hunger of our heart, so it is a comfort to write to you. Being undemonstrative and shy I never showed how much I loved her—the pity of it! She did so long for some demonstration—oh if I had her again how I would show!

Does she know? God knows, so she must know too.

Dear Mrs Wilson, never mind me but write

to my husband as often as you can find time for he is so fearfully lonely. Next year I shall try to go to England and perhaps seeing you and the children may brighten him up a little.

With much love,

Yours lovingly,

Abala Bose

3

[Page 1]

My dear Mrs Wilson,

I fully realize that it has been a great privilege to have lived with him and known so many beautiful thoughts and met so many good people. Whether he loved me or not, my

complete without her, now where  
 shall we go? You will understand  
 the hunger of our heart so  
 it is a comfort to write to you.  
 Being undemonstrative and  
 shy I never showed how much  
 I loved her — the duty of it!  
 She did so long for some  
 demonstration — Oh if I had her  
 again how I would show!  
 Does she know? — God knows  
 so she must know too.  
 Dear Mrs Wilson — never  
 mind me but write to my  
 husband as often as you  
 can find time for he is so  
 fearfully lonely. Next year  
 I shall try to go to England  
 and perhaps seeing you  
 & the children may brighten  
 him up a little. With much  
 love. Yours lovingly Abala Bose

Page 4

Unpublished Letter of Mrs Abala Bose to Mrs May Wilson  
 Dated 14 December.

husband has been wonderfully good to me, for I was not the wife he should have married. But when he married me, he imagined all sorts of things, and never dreamt he would become so great. I loved him and loved everyone belonging to him, so it was never an effort with me to live with his people, or those he loved. Now he is in God's hand. May He give him peace. Yes, his was a saint's death. They say he never knew, it came so suddenly and he was always afraid of the struggle at the end.

I had some letters written to Nivedita by Tantine and a few others, which have been taken by one of the Swamis who is preparing a life I think for he said he had many letters sent by Tantine.

My dear Mrs Wilson, you and I are so very different. You deserved all the stars, and I think there was no happiness for Nivedita without you. She

was with you—you were twin souls. As for me, I did not deserve my stars—pray that I may be as selfless as Nivedita—that is as much as I can now.

Yours lovingly

Abala Bose

The papers sent by Orpen were in two different packs, one was written by Sister Nivedita and the other was about Nivedita by her family members. The first set was a twelve-page, around 1,500-word manuscript written by Sister Nivedita. It was the story 'Hag-Ridden', which has been already published in *The Complete Works of Sister Nivedita*.<sup>5</sup> However, the version that has been published and the version in the manuscript have some differences. It could have been that Sister Nivedita had later herself edited the manuscript. However, I reproduce here the original manuscript for the record. The following is the text of this manuscript:

[Page 1]

HAG-RIDDEN

A Study in Grey

JANET NUTTALL HERBALIST

The cottage, over whose front door hung this sign, nestled by the roadside, skirting Thornburg Moor, at a distance of some five hundred yards from its nearest neighbour. A descent of several steps led down to its entrance, and a shaky-looking fence railed in the pit thus created, while in the window lay dusty looking bunches of dried mint, sage, cammomile, and other disagreeable and more or less dangerous items of the stock-in-trade.

Even had there been Parisian bon-bons, however, no urchin from the hamlet nearby would have flattened his nose against the pane. The cottage had an evil name, and the children shunned it. So did their elders, save when interest pressed.



dear Mrs Wilson. I fully realise that it has been a great privilege to have lived with him and known so many beautiful thoughts & met so many good people. Whether he loved me or not, my husband has been wonderfully good to me, for I was not the wife he should have married. But when he married me, he imagined all sorts of things, and never dreamt he would become so great. I loved him and loved everyone belonging to him, so it was never an effort with me to live with his people, or those he loved. Now he is in God's hand. May He give him peace.

Yes, his was a saint's death. They say he never knew it came so suddenly and he was always afraid of the struggle at the end.

I had some letters written to Nivedita by Santin & a few others, which have been taken by one of the Swamis who is preparing a life I think for he said he had many letters sent by Santin.

My dear Mrs Wilson, you & I are so very different, you deserved all the stars, and I think there was no happiness for Nivedita without you. She was with you - you were twin souls. As for me I did not deserve any stars - Pray that I may be as selfless as Nivedita - that is as much as I can be.

Yours Lovingly  
Abala Bose

Page 1

Unpublished Letter of Mrs Abala Bose to Mrs May Wilson

[Page 2]

Old mother Nuttall's cocks and hens, and her donkey clogged on the moor behind the house, got a wide berth for feeding-ground, and in no Thornburg household, save and except the vicarage, would eggs and chickens from her poultry-yard have been eaten, without fear of dire results.

All over the parish, and among the scattered habitations on the moor-side, as well as by servant-girls and boys as far as Bermerside Market-town seven miles off, Janet Nuttall was known as a 'wise woman'. Yet even those who took no step in life without consulting her, and who

enjoyed no boon without paying her tribute, did not love her: They feared her, and shrank from her contempt. For it was very evident, that the old woman despised those who made use of her occult powers.

To some, it seemed that she had 'come down' in life and burly Farmer Wilson, who

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came to her one morning for help in recovering a silver watch he had dropped in the course of a four-mile walk on a dark night, involuntarily, to his own great amazement, changed the

*Hag-Ridden*  
*A. Shady in Gray*

Janet Nuttall  
Humboldt

The cottage, over whose front door hung the sign,  
situated by the road-side starting from the Moor,  
at a distance of some five hundred yards from  
its nearest neighbor. A descent of several steps  
led down to its entrance, and a shaggy-looking fence  
enclosed in the pit then created, while in the windows  
lay rusty-looking bunches of dried mint, sage,  
camomile, & other disagreeable and more or less  
dangerous items of the stock-in-trade.

Some had there been Parisian bouquets  
however, no wreath from the laurel-hedge had been  
flattened his nose against the pane. The cottage  
had an evil name, and the children shunned it.  
So did their elders, save when interest pressed.

Old Mother Nuttall looked stern, and her shaggy  
bushy hair on the more behind her house, got a  
bride's veil for going. Ground, and in her Thomas  
household, save & except the Vicarage, made  
440 or 450 years from her back, pointing her own  
sister, without fear of dire results.

All over the parish, such among the scattered  
habitations on the more side, as well as by the river.  
Girls and boys as far as Barmerside cricket-tennis,  
Grosvenor off. Janet Nuttall was known as a  
wise woman. Let some those who look no step  
in life without consulting her, and who engaged  
to look without paying her tribute, did not love  
her: they feared her, and shrank from her  
contempt. For it was very evident that the old  
woman despised those who made use of  
her occult powers.

To some it seemed that she had come  
down in life, and body Farmer Wilson, who

Pages 1 and 2

'Hag-Ridden', Original Manuscript Written by Sister Nivedita

'Mother' of his rough address into 'Madam' as  
he stood before her. And subsequently when  
he found the missing chronometer in a heap  
of straw, beside the very gate she had indicated  
to him, instead of disputing her fee, as he had  
shrewdly foreseen himself doing, he was too  
delicate even to mention money to the lonely  
woman, and paid the uttermost farthing several  
times over during the course of the winter,  
in sacks of potatoes, left quietly inside her door.

Nevertheless, it was from no pride of origin  
that the scorn of Janet Nuttall sprang. Neither  
was it a pluming of herself, or her talents, and  
least of all, the triumph of the charlatan over the  
dupe. Whatever the nature of the old woman's  
gifts might be, she at any rate, believed in them  
fully. Once, and once only, she had been almost  
tender in their exercise. It was when poor Anne  
Willder had come to her to learn the fate of her  
sailor-lover, and had

[Page 4]

hidden her face on the old woman's knee, in her  
agony of terror and maidenly shame. Gently the  
withered hand had been laid on the golden head,  
and the frail figure in its high-backed chair had  
grown erect and queenly for a moment, while  
the dark-set grey eyes dilated to a distant vision.

But the words that fell from the parted lips,  
were few and bitter. 'My lass, my lass, weep no  
more for your laddie. He'll never come home  
again!'

In the Wise Woman, there had sprung up a  
sudden throbbing sense of kinship, yet she had  
not softened her message. To her eyes, the fig-  
ure of young Davey, in his deep sea-grave, lying  
among tangled weeds, and already half buried  
in the ooze of the ocean-floor, was as real as if  
she herself were on the spot, and she told the  
worst bluntly. Indeed, disappointment rather  
than pity had been her strongest



falling, when the girl had gone her suddenly with  
a wild shriek, and drove to her bed in high fear.

For Saint Nuttall's own life was spent in  
a fruitless search, and from her position of despair  
she looked down upon the midnight slippers on a  
mountain-height.

The fact that other people would have regarded  
as slight of her efforts as a chimney, and their field  
of pursuit as an insane delusion, could no way  
lessen the bitterness of inward failure for her. She  
could tell a country school if her sweetheart was  
true to him; but whether a certain convict-prince  
still held the son who felt again as had lain  
in her arms, she could not see. - Neither could  
she, by her gifts, discover the true perpetrator  
of the crime for which she believed that he  
unjustly suffered.

It was this deeper knowledge of pain that  
made Saint Nuttall haughty to those whom

Gods did not let her see in the depths; it was the  
angel wings of suspicion in her own life that made  
her utter the thing unconsciously the thing she saw.

In her own way, and on her own plan  
the poor woman of Thornburg was of the  
number of those who thirst after truth at any  
cost.

One afternoon, late in November, - a month during  
which Saint's usual calm was always somewhat  
broken, - she was driving her empty cart home  
across the moor from Pearmerside market.

It was a time of cold grey weather, the breeze whistling  
among frozen bushes in the pools by the road-side,  
and stunted the withered bracken on the expanse  
beyond. Twilight fell, on the working wounded  
the shoulder of the hill, and disappeared into  
the dell where Thornburg Church was situated.  
It was the hour and the light the old woman  
loved. Under the low churchyard-wall.

Pages 5 and 6

'Hag-Ridden', Original Manuscript Written by Sister Nivedita

fell as the donkey rounded the shoulder of the  
hill, and disappeared into the dell where Thorn-  
burg Church was situated. It was the hour and  
the light the old woman loved. Under the low  
Churchyard-wall,

[Page 7]

brown leaves had drifted, and in the tree-tops  
the wind, that was only a breeze higher up,  
gathered fever and tossed about huge branches,  
moaning its weird sleep-song over the dead.

A lych-gate—of ancient pattern, but recent  
date—formed the entrance to the Churchyard,  
and to a post of this structure, Janet fastened  
her donkey, as she dismounted and passed into  
the enclosure.

To her, the silent place was alive with  
friends; a delicate flush warmed her wrinkled  
features, as she entered. Her eyes-beautiful,

deep-seeing—shone with suppressed excite-  
ment, while the customary look of baffled stir-  
ring on her face, was heightened into passionate  
yearning for the nonce.

From grave-fort to grave-fort, the bent old fig-  
ure passed, stopping at each, as if to talk with the  
invisible, and choosing with marked preference

[Page 8]

new-turned soil.

Her eyes strained eagerly into the gather-  
ing dusk, and gradually her air of expectation  
changed to an expression of disappointment,  
mounting to despair. 'Eh my bairn, my bairn',  
she cried at last. 'Will ye not come home? Not  
on your own birthnight? Not to your own old  
mother? My lad, my lad! Two years I saw myself  
carrying your coffin, and well I marked that on  
this day ye would slip your fetters. And now its

Brown leaves had drifted, and in the tree-tops  
 the wind, that has only been higher up, gathered  
 over and round about bush and branch, moaning  
 its wild shrill-sound over the wood.  
 A high gate — of ancient pattern, but some  
 date, — formed the entrance to the churchyard,  
 and to a part of the structure Saint Gertrude  
 her dwelling, as she this morned and passed into the  
 enclosure.

To her, the silent place was alive with pain.  
 A delicate flush warmed her wrinkled features  
 as she entered; her eyes — beautiful, deep, seeing  
 eyes as they always were — shone with suppressed  
 excitement, while the customary look of baffled  
 striving in her face was brightened into passionate  
 yearning for the donee.

Two grave-stones together, just the best old  
 figure passed, stopping at each as if to talk with  
 the invisible, and choosing with marked preference

Overturned soil.

Her eyes streamed deeply into the gathering dusk,  
 and gradually her air of expectation changed to an  
 expression of disappointment, mounting to despair.  
 "Oh England, England! She said at last, 'Will  
 ye be come home? Not to your own birthright  
 — Not to your own old Mother! My lad! My  
 lad! Two years I saw myself carrying you  
 coffin, and well I understand that in this case  
 ye would ship your father. And now it's the third  
 year, and ye havena' come. Oh, don't say  
 that in the Good Land ye were kind ye of  
 your old Mother! My lad, my lad, my own  
 lad!'"

A something of untamed queenliness  
 pertained however to Saint Nuttall, and not in  
 the darkening God's acre could she feel suffi-  
 ciently alone to indulge her private grief.  
 "Friends," she said, mastering a sob, and  
 turning courtously to address empty space, "it's ill

Pages 7 and 8

'Hag-Ridden', Original Manuscript Written by Sister Nivedita

the third year and ye havena' come. Oh! Don't  
 say that in the Good Land ye never mind ye of  
 yer old Mother! My lad, my lad, my own lad!

A something of untamed queenliness per-  
 tained however to Janet Nuttall, and not in the  
 darkening God's acre, could she feel sufficiently  
 alone to indulge her private grief.

'Friends,' she said, mastering a sob, and turn-  
 ing courteously to address empty space, 'it's ill

[Page 9]

biding in a Churchyard, in wind and rain.  
 Come back with me to a warm hearth. A bit of  
 shelter and a friendly word's always heartsome,  
 and may help ye on to the Good Land.'

The Vicar, passing, as she climbed into her  
 cart, called out 'Good-night, Janet,' and mut-  
 tered to himself, 'must have been wandering  
 about among the graves again, poor old body!  
 She grows more and more daft every day!

Strange, though, about Farmer Wilson's sil-  
 ver watch!' But Janet neither saw her pastor,  
 nor heard his salutation. Her attention was en-  
 grossed by that silent crowd, who to her eyes  
 surrounded her, and journeyed with her in her  
 market cart to her lonely home.

... ..

Hours passed away, and long after she con-  
 ceived her strange visitants to have departed,  
 Janet Nuttall sat before the fire, and bent her  
 piercing gaze on the glowing coals. Her proph-  
 etic mood was on her and at times like this,  
 she believed firmly in her own insight into the  
 future.

'Yes,' she said — speaking in a low broken  
 voice, and with evident anxiety — 'there ye  
 come, Janet Hayward,

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asking my help. Well, well, ye'll get yer wish,



lying in a clowdrigard in mud and rain. Come back with me to a warm hearth. A bit of shelter and a friendly word: always frankness, and I may help ye on to the good land."

For Nive passing, as she climbed into her cart, called out "Good night Janet!" and muttered to herself, "I must have been wandering about long among the graves, poor old body! She grows lame and more deaf every day! Strange, though, about Farmer Wilson's silver watch!" But Janet neither saw her sister, nor heard his salutation. Her attention was engrossed by that silent crowd who to her eyes surrounded her, and journeyed with her in her wheelbarrow to her lonely home.

Hours passed away, and long after she conceived her strange visitants to have departed, Janet Nuttall sat before the fire, and bent her piercing gaze on the glowing coals. Her prophetic sword was on her, and at times like this, she beheld dimly in her own insight into the future.

"Yes," she said, - speaking in a low broken voice, with evident uneasiness - "There ye come, Jane Hayward

asking myself. Well, well, will ye get your wish, woman. But ye were better without it if ye only knew! ... And you, Henry Morris, what do you seek? A key? For it! ... Henry has not seen - it'll be found - all in good time - here, pull away something - it's a drawer, a drawer with a brass ring in front of it, and here's the key! ... Yes, yes, an' here's another ..."

She had forgotten herself utterly by this time, in her eager muttering, but now she gave a smothered scream, as some vision seemed to come upon her with a sense of recognition. 'Ah, here you are again, with the coffin in your arms, you - Janet Nuttall! Let me see - let me see - and craning her neck, the old woman tottered to her feet, as if by peering further into the fire, she could indeed bring the future nearer to her eyes - 'Yes, it's the same coffin,' she went on, 'the same same, - and the same day! My boy! My boy! There's the name upon it, surely - why no, there's no name - the plate's a looking-glass, and - she looked into it - dazedly!'

She fell back into her chair, with a <sup>groan</sup> of horror, and at that moment, from the Church steeple in the village rang out eleven strokes.

Pages 9 and 10

'Hag-Ridden', Original Manuscript Written by Sister Nivedita

woman, but ye were better without it if ye only knew! ... And you, Henry Morris, what do ye seek? A key? I see it! Hurry me not, man. It'll be found—all in good time—here, pull away something—it's a drawer, a drawer with a brass ring in front of it, and here's the key! ... Yes, yes, an' here's another ...'

She had forgotten herself utterly by this time, in her eager muttering, but now she gave a smothered scream as some vision seemed to come upon her with a sense of recognition. 'Ah, here you are again, with the coffin in your arms, you—Janet Nuttall! Let me see, let me see!' and craning her neck, the old woman tottered to her feet, as if by peering further into the fire, she could indeed bring the future nearer to her eyes. 'Yes, it's the same coffin', she went on, 'the very same, and the same day! My boy! My boy! There's the name upon it, surely, why no, there's no name, the plate's a looking-glass, and, I've

looked into it—myself! She fell back into her chair, with a moan of horror, and at that moment, from the Church steeple in the village, rang out eleven strokes.

... ..

[Page 11]

On the south side of one of the great bridges, a man—wearing the clothes and the closely cropped hair of a discharged convict—crouched with folded arms, gazing moodily at the pavement in front of him. There was a clear space there, which seem to be automatically respected by passing pedestrians, and in the middle of it had been thrown—a black cotton glove.

Already, the man had him huddled there an hour or more, with his glowering eyes fixed on the sordid challenge at his feet, when the sound of Big Ben booming out eleven reverberated

on the South side of one of the great bridges, a man -  
wearing his clothes and the cloudberry hair of a  
discharged convict, - crowded with folded arms, -  
smoking at his pavement in front of him. There was  
a clear space there, which seemed to be  
his former position, and in the middle of it had been  
thrown - a black cotton shoe.

Abroad the man had been buddled there an hour  
or more, with his flowing hair fixed in the solid challenge  
at his feet. When the sound of his feet coming out from  
incubated across the river, and struck down into the corner  
where he lay.

As the last stroke died on the listening air, a curious  
change suddenly came over his face, and he rose and stretched  
himself. "I am a free man", he said, as if in the light of a  
new world, and took in one deep breath after another.

The river, running black in the distance, had  
lost its fascination of death and darkness all at once.  
He bent with a shamefaced movement to lift the  
theatrical emblem he had himself cast down a  
while ago. "I am free", he repeated, "I am free. Surely  
all this while I have been hag-ridden". It was the  
moment of the soul's liberation, and for the first

time, at forty years of age, John Nuttall turned  
with a spring in his step, to carve out a life and  
character for himself.

It was a grim battle that had been a fighting  
that last hour, between an old woman on  
Thornburg Moor-side, and her son in a London  
slum. It had ended now however. He went  
forth to be his own man for good or evil, and she  
slept in her chair by her lonely fireside, that  
sleep from which there is no awakening.

Thus was another chapter added to the Tragedy of  
Motherhood.

Harriet Martineau

Pages 11 and 12

'Hag-Ridden', Original Manuscript Written by Sister Nivedita

across the river, and struck down into the corner where he lay.

As the last stroke died on the listening air, a curious change suddenly came over his face, and he rose and stretched himself. 'I am a free man', he said slowly, as if in the light of a new world, and took in one deep breath after another.

The river, running black in the distance, had lost its fascination of death and darkness all at once. He bent with a shamefaced movement to lift the theatrical emblem he had himself cast down a while ago. 'I am free', he repeated, 'I am free. Surely all this while, I have been hag-ridden.' It was the moment of the soul's liberation, and for the first

[Page 12]

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... ..

It was a grim battle that had been a fighting that last hour, between an old woman on Thornburg Moor-side, and her son in a London slum. It had ended now however. He went forth to be his own man for good or evil, and she slept in her chair by her lonely fireside, that sleep from which there is no awakening.

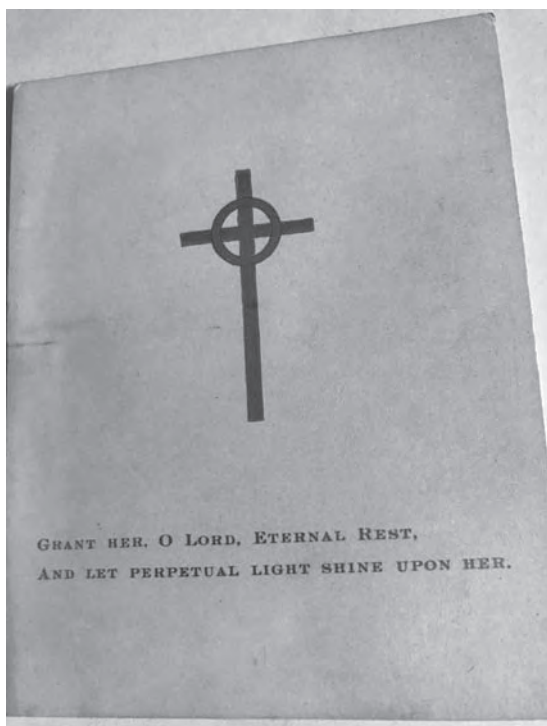
Thus was another chapter added to the Tragedy of Motherhood.

The next set of papers was an obituary of Sister Nivedita's mother Mary Isabel Noble. This handwritten manuscript has the following beautiful words:

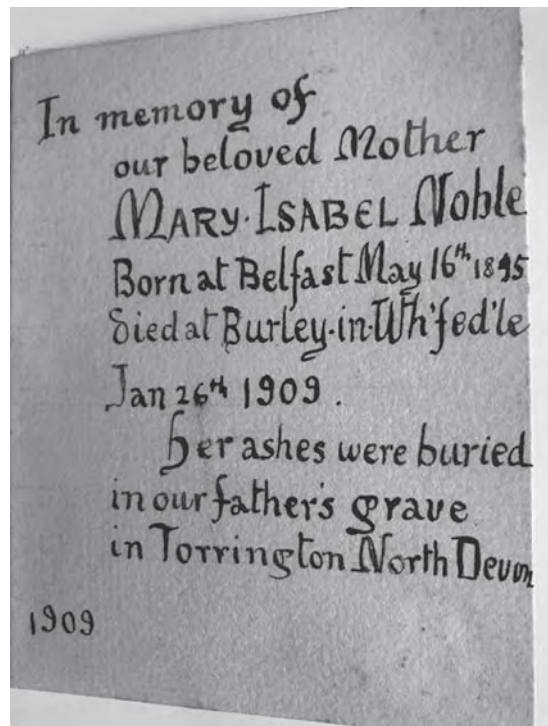
[Page 1]

GRANT HER, O LORD, ETERNAL REST,  
AND LET PERPETUAL LIGHT SHINE UPON HER.





*Sister Nivedita's Mother's Obituary: Page 1*



*Sister Nivedita's Mother's Obituary: Page 2*

[Page 2]

In memory of our beloved Mother MARY ISABEL NOBLE. Born at Belfast May 16th 1845, died at Burley-in-Wh'fed'le [Burley-in-Wharfedale]<sup>6</sup> Jan 26th 1909. Her ashes were buried in our father's grave in Torrington North Devon. 1909.

[Page 3]

Cloisters of Light

It was noon on Easter Eve when we bore to its last long home in our Father's grave the sacred dust which to us had symbolised all the love and benediction of motherhood. Some few of those who had stood beside her at the same spot in her hour of bitter sorrow, thirty-two years ago, were here again, with heads bared, and

[Page 4]

voices hushed, to welcome her back to the place of endless rest.

So there, on the sunny slope, they lie henceforth—the two we loved!

Together at last for ever, even as in this garden of the blessed dead. About them year by year mild flowers will bloom and sweet briar shed its fragrance. And ever the circling pines will make a cloister-court, chanting day and night, for these and all departed souls.

Keep them in Thine own presence, O Lord God. And let light perpetual shine upon them!

Among the papers, there was a page, probably from a diary, that was amazing. I thought that it was a paper that was used for wrapping other letters. To my surprise there was an *ashvattha* leaf, also known as bo leaf or *peepul* leaf—*Ficus religiosa*—from the 1900s and as the heading says, it is the 'Prasad of Kedar and Badri'.

Jai Kedar Nath Swami Ki Jai!

Jai Badri Bissal Lal Ki Jai!

The salutations of the pilgrims on the road.

Prasad of Kedar and Badri

This bo leaf was picked up in the bazaar at Kotdwara, which is a long rectangle, with three terraced bo trees running down the middle. A

## Cloisters of Light.

It was noon on Easter Eve.  
when we bore to its last long  
home in our Father's grave  
the sacred dust which to us  
had symbolised all the love  
and benediction of motherhood.  
Some few of those who had  
stood beside her at the same  
spot, in her hour of bitter sorrow  
thirty-two years ago, were here  
again, with heads bared, and

*Sister Nivedita's Mother's Obituary: Page 3*

mile or two away, lies the railroad, and there our wonderful pilgrimage ended. It was a road along which went first the Buddhist apostles, then the coteries of Asoka, then the messengers of the Early Sin. Then came the doctrine of the Mother, conflicting with the Gupta worship of Sathya Narain. Then Sankaracharya with Vedanta Aphorisms. And worthy Ramanuja's Vaishnavism. Jai! Jai! Jai!

In the papers, was also there, a letter written by Sister Nivedita to her youngest sister, Mrs. May Wilson. This the text of the letter:

[Page 1]

C/o Mrs. Allen  
South 81, Torrington  
1908. Good Friday Night.

My sweet Nim,

We went to Papa's grave this evening and planted wild primroses and violets there. Mrs. Bull and Dr. Bose and I. It was Dr. Bose's plan and he thought of the violets and found the sod of roots for the place.

voices hushed, to welcome her back to the place  
of endless rest.

So there, on the sunny slope, they lie  
henceforth, the two we loved! Together at last  
for ever, even as in this garden of the blessed  
dead. About them year by year wild flowers  
will bloom and sweet briar shed its fragrance.  
And ever the circling pines will make a  
cloister-court, chanting day and night, for  
these and all departed souls:  
Keep them in Thine own presence, O Lord God,  
And let light perpetual shine upon them!

*Sister Nivedita's Mother's Obituary: Page 4*

The sun set so wonderfully behind the pine trees. But that was behind his head. The part of a grave you know is towards the

[Page 2]

dawn and the east.

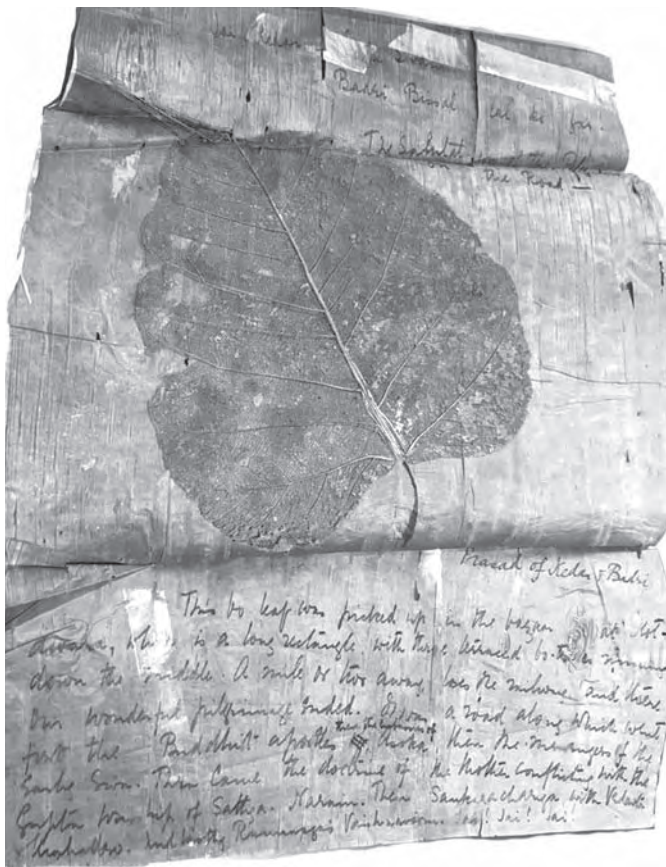
Papa is not there, dear. But the place was so sacred to me still, for I felt that it was the spot of your great sorrow and our brothers' farewell to home for such long weary years. But I have tried hard not to feel that our loved one has any

[Page 3]

special tie to that sweet spot. Death is really the ceasing to be able to think of the prisoning body. It lets one go free into utterly new conditions, I feel sure. And the pain we had in our loneliness was after all a thing to make light of. It is over now. And we would not remember it. So the sweet, serene

[Page 4]

spirit is to be given peace and freedom from our old sorrow—is he not? And the grave is only as a shelf on which was once laid a folded vesture. It is all a dream—life as well as death. And they who



Ashvattha leaf or Bo Leaf

see life in the hands of this death, to them belong eternal peace. Hurts none else. Hurts none 'else'.

Your own,  
Peggy.


I am also giving here, rare photographs of Sister Nivedita with her mother, brother, and sister, and that of her mother and father. I obtained copies of these photographs from Selenda Gerardin when she came to India in 2014 and donated these photographs, among many other archival items, to the Ramakrishna Sarada Math.

The evening of 4 July this year felt so fulfilling and blissful for me to have received such a unique prasada from the previous century. As my fingers touched the sacred 'Bo Leaf' my whole body shivered and I got goosebumps. I had a feeling of walking down the roads of the past. Was the leaf picked up by Sister Nivedita herself or did



Sister Nivedita's Mother, Mary Isabel Noble  
and Father, Samuel Richard Noble

the Himalayan breeze gently blow the leaf down, or was it after a severe stormy night that the leaf was found by Sister Nivedita? Did she take the leaf to touch the lotus feet of Swamiji? Did she touch the leaf on her forehead as a Hindu gesture? When did she put it in the diary, day or night? Who else were there in the pilgrimage? Though Kotdwara is now a busy town in Uttarakhand, I am clueless about what happened then.

The evening sun in the twenty-first century remained silent, peaceful, serene, and truly spiritual with Sister Nivedita's handwritten letters and didn't answer any of my questions. 

## Notes and References

1. The document mentioned here refers to the January 2017 issue of *Prabuddha Bharata*: 'Sister Nivedita: Offered to India', *Prabuddha Bharata*, 122/1 (January 2017).
2. Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose passed away on 23 November 1937 in Giridih.
3. See Lizelle Reymond, *The Dedicated* (Madras: Samata, 1985).
4. See Barbara Foxe, *Long Journey Home* (London: Rider, 1975).
5. See 'Hag-Ridden', *The Complete Works of Sister Nivedita*, 5 vols (Calcutta: Advaita Ashrama, 1995), 374–8.
6. Burley-in-Wharfedale is a village and civil parish in the county of West Yorkshire, England.



down & the sad.  
 Papa is not there, dear -  
 But the place was so sacred  
 to me still - I felt that  
 it was the spot of your Great  
 sorrow - <sup>that day</sup> & my farewell to  
 home ~~the place~~ for such  
 long weary years!  
 But I have tried hard  
 not to feel that our  
 loved one has any

special tie to that sweet  
 spot. Death is really the  
 blessing to be able to think  
 of the prisoning body. It  
 lets one go free into better  
 world conditions - I feel  
 sure. And the pain we  
 had, in our loneliness was  
 after all a thing to make  
 light of. It is over now.  
 And we are left wondering  
 it. So the sweet serene

37

Pages 2 and 3

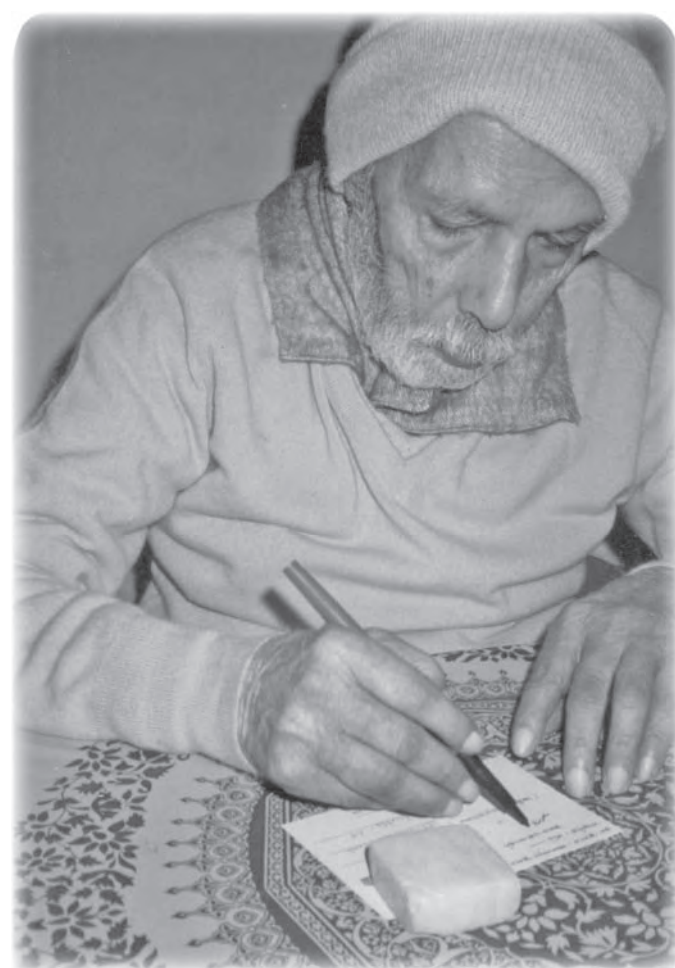
The New Haven  
 South St. Torrington - 1908.  
 Good Friday night.  
 My sweet Min we went to Papa's  
 grave this evening & planted with  
 purple & red violets there. - Mrs.  
 Ball & Dr. Poon & I. It was  
 Dr. Poon's plan - the thought  
 of the violet & found the little  
 sod of rock for the place -  
 The sun set so wonderfully  
 behind the pine trees. But the  
 we behind his head - the part of  
 a grand of a heaven is towards the

Page 1

Spirit is to be given peace  
 & freedom from our old  
 sorrow - is he left? And  
 the grave is only a  
 shelf on which was once  
 laid a folded vestment.  
 It is all a dream - life as  
 well as death - &  
 & they who see hope in the burial  
 of their dear ones. To their living  
 eternal place. Death is not the  
 end here this. You are still

Page 4

Unpublished Letter of Sister Nivedita to her youngest sister,  
 Mrs. May Wilson



## ***Gems of Memories: Reminiscences of Swami Saradeshananda***

**Swami Shuklatmananda**

*(Continued from the previous issue)*

much more by regularly holding classes in different places of an area.

‘Still our centres are not distributed evenly. Even leaving aside our centres abroad, in our own country [India], one third of the Order’s monastic manpower is employed in West Bengal alone, while in other states there is hardly any. And see how people are waiting to listen to Sri Ramakrishna’s words. Let there be a few model educational centres in the whole country. Now we should not be bent upon building new centres, rather we should concentrate on the preaching work more and more. The whole world has been waiting with parched throat, as it were, to receive the ideals of Sri Ramakrishna. Twenty to twenty-five monks are crowded together in each of our educational centres. It is high time we scattered Sri Ramakrishna’s ideals all over the world in an orderly manner.’

Saradeshananda once asked a monk coming from one of the Ramakrishna Mission centres abroad: ‘You have been there for so many years. Do you think that those who accept Sri Ramakrishna’s ideal are people of steady character in their society?’

Monk: ‘Yes Maharaj, it is true. Those closely associated with the ashrama are surely people of integrity in their society.’

**M**ONK: ‘How can we advance in spiritual life?’

Saradeshananda: ‘Live a spotless monastic life and so much fame and prosperity will come that you will be hardly able to handle. Only two-four monks are enough to run a centre. And you don’t need to deliver big lectures to build an ashrama. It’s living the life of a sadhu that guarantees real functioning of an ashrama. A little bit of celebration, music, and discussion on the teachings of Sri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda should be enough. Now it seems that we are leaning more towards name and fame rather than preaching the ideals of Sri Ramakrishna and Swamiji. The trend, it appears to me, is more towards doing something pompous by blaring microphones or by blazoning on various periodicals and newspapers! You can accomplish

Saradeshananda: ‘Then know for sure that you’re in the right direction. It is not that you have to gather too many people and make a fuss. Even if a handful few are attracted to Sri Ramakrishna’s ideals and they try to lead a pure life, you should consider your efforts amply rewarded. I think what the West needs today is an emphasis on family life, that is, mutual love and affection amongst the family members. People are gradually turning into machines; indeed, selfishness is dragging people down to the level of brutes. This I have found out by asking many of them. Compared to others, Sri Ramakrishna’s devotees are more in touch with their parents and relatives. In fact, such bonds among the family members are of paramount importance today in the country both for the interest of the individual as well as for the society’s interest at large.’

In the same room, there were two beds placed side by side—one for Saradeshananda

and another for his attendant. In the later years of his life, he found it difficult to move from his bed. So, all the devotees, including women, were allowed inside his room. He would ask some of them, out of courtesy, especially the women devotees from abroad, to sit on the chair or on the bed beside his. However, they almost always chose to sit on the floor. Some of them chose to sit on the attendant’s bed as instructed by him. When I expressed my reservations in this matter, he gravely said: ‘As long as my body permitted, I always went outside to meet them, but I am almost on my deathbed now. And they say that there is no law in deathbed. I look upon them as my mother. Didn’t you have mother and sisters in your house? They will come to my room and sit on the bed, if need be. If you feel uneasy, you may please roll your bed during the daytime. If you still have any misgivings, you may leave. I don’t need your service.’







*Swami Saradeshananda's Shrine*

Devotees could come anytime to meet Saradeshananda. He would always give them a little prasad, usually sugar candies. Sometimes, he would give them water in his own glass.

One incident comes to my mind. During one of the celebration days, arrangements were made for the women devotees to sit for partaking prasad on the veranda of the building where Saradeshananda stayed. The nurses of the ashrama also came. One of them needed a spoon, as she had bruised her finger. A monk asked me for the spoon, but I did not have any, except the spoon used by Saradeshananda. So I was disinclined to give him the spoon. Overhearing our conversation, from inside the room, Saradeshananda admonished me severely, and asked me to give the spoon at once. Reluctantly, I carried out his order. Later he called me and told: 'See, they are

in the place of our mother. Try to see them in this light. Otherwise you can never escape the snares of maya by harbouring any kind of hatred towards them.'

I remember one incident that Saradeshananda narrated to me during a conversation. Once, he was going to some place and saw a boy, crying bitterly, going in the opposite direction. After some time, he suddenly realised that the road that lay in that direction was completely flooded with water. Without further delay he rushed to the boy and saw that his apprehension was right. The little fellow was floundering helplessly in water. He immediately picked him up from water. A life was thus saved!

Once seeing a north Indian sadhu in Puri living on simple stale rice—rice cooked overnight and soaked in water—Saradeshananda asked the sadhu as to how he managed without roti, the food they were accustomed to. The sadhu replied: 'You see, any food, no matter which country it belongs to, it is food after all. One can indeed live on any food. It is just a matter of getting used to it.' Later Saradeshananda told me in this regard: 'I have travelled to so many places without any money. But I never thought of where my next meal would come from and I find you always finicky about food. What's this? You should never criticise any food unless you become ill by eating it.'

Being overly enthusiastic about playing badminton with the doctors, we prepared a court and brought all the accessories—rackets, shuttles, and badminton net. But as soon as Saradeshananda came to know of it, he strongly forbade me to participate. He said: 'If you would listen to me, don't go there. You're a brahmachari and they are all householders. All sorts of discussion will go on there. That will be detrimental for your monastic life. And moreover, as they stay just a furlong away, women



*Swami Saradeshananda along with Swami Vireswarananda*

from their homes can come and see the games.' When I tried to feebly put up an argument, he said: 'Don't go. I'm telling this for your wellbeing. Proximity with the householders blunts the sense of discrimination and that surely invites danger in monastic life. Afterwards you'll have nothing but to repent.' Later, heeding to his words, I did not go to play badminton.

One woman devotee was very devoted to Saradeshananda. She decided not to marry. He was also affectionate towards her. She would often ask me if he needed anything for his personal use. That woman's father tried several times to persuade her to marry but to no avail. Later, seeing no other way out, he came to Saradeshananda with another monk, and asked him to persuade her to marry. He never

yielded to his request. When the woman came to him, he told her: 'Don't be a puppet in others' hands. Do what you like. You are mature enough to decide for yourself.' Later, she led an unmarried life.

Once a brahmachari happened to tell him: 'I told everybody that I would not marry even when I was in eighth standard.' Rather, startled Saradeshananda said: 'Never say this again. You just won't know when vanity would creep in. Beware! Pride goes before destruction.'<sup>15</sup> And moreover, who can know maya's plays?

*(To be continued)*

## **References**

15. See 'Pride goes before destruction, a haughty spirit before a fall' (Proverbs 16:18).

# Saga of Epic Proportions

Swami Sandarshanananda

(Continued from the previous issue)

SWAMIJI CAME TO PARIS at the end of July 1900. Bull and Macleod were then in Paris. Dr Bose along with his wife reached Paris in August. Nivedita probably arrived there from the US before all others in June. Swamiji and the rest used to meet at Mr Leggett's place. Accordingly, all of them witnessed Bose's spectacular success at the Science Congress there. On 3 September Swamiji wrote an amusing letter to Mrs Leggett, sister of Miss Macleod—she was in the US at that moment—giving a graphic description of the fun and enjoyment everybody, including the other delegates of the Congress, was having in her house in Paris, in which he specifically mentioned about Prof. William James taking part.

After the Bradford lecture, when Bose had his operation and was having postoperative rest, Nivedita had some interesting conversation with him. But before that also, deeply impressed by his conversation, Nivedita wrote to Miss Macleod on 1 November 1900: 'I cannot tell you Dearest what these friends [Boses] are becoming in their perfect *oneness* with our inspirations.'<sup>38</sup> The talk 'was very touching' to her. He planned what a few of them 'could do for Indian education in 10 years', if they 'had absolute power' (1.394). He said: 'We would have *such* primary schools—a 4 years' course—and such a secondary—another 4 years—and then by a fine system of scholarships, we would feed the universities' (ibid.). She then asked him: 'What would you do in the primary schools?' He said explaining that his 'aim would not be to produce a man of science—but to produce *perfect*

men of science' (ibid.). She was happy that Bose was dwelling on the ideas of the Bhagavadgita. She said: 'It has been good to hear Dr. Bose talk unguardedly for hours together—giving story after story of the tremendous renunciations of the Indian past' (ibid.). With a great enthusiasm she said to Macleod: 'Can you realise that that conversation marks an epoch in my life?' (ibid.).

On 15 November, writing to Miss Macleod, Nivedita mentioned that she was spending a lot of time 'over the Tata Scheme, and Dr. Bose's papers' (1.399). Incidentally, 'Tata Scheme' was another affair in which Nivedita was involved since it was also concerning the future of Indian science. There is an emotional outburst about Swamiji's love in the letter:

Swami's dear 'blessings of the howling dervishes' were the first he ever sent me without asking, and made me feel the happiness of being indeed a child. As I grow clearer and clearer about the terrible and strenuous future of life, I find that I lean more and more on that relation towards him. To him one need never be anything more than a child. To him one owes nothing—unless everything is anything!—but life. Being that, and owing that, holding that sweetest of all relationships, the world is before one—every soul is free to be served by one—nothing is shut off—even no degree of love—I am surprised to find—is forbidden to one (ibid.).

This seems to be a charter that she had received from Swamiji, which freed her from all fetters yet retained the love of child undiminished. It surely gave her now a sense of emancipation to



be able to mingle with the Boses and love Bose freely without any hunch that Swamiji might take it in a different light. Without ending the letter there, it appears that she held it for a while before posting and wrote again on 22 November to add a few things more. She informed: 'I am staying with the Boses. Every day is filled with work. On the 1st of Dec. or thereabouts he has to go for his operation' (ibid.). Drawing to the end of the letter, she gave a strain of her whim perhaps, saying: 'Tell Swami I have only one wish in the world and that is to live a nun's life perfectly. But every day the golden apple of my desire seems to slip further out of my hands. Will he bless me and give it me?' (1.401). By these words she showed that she couldn't forget that she was deprived of sannyasa and it was still pricking her conscience maybe it had happened due to her own shortcoming.

By the middle of December 1900 Jagadish Chandra Bose had his operation done. But it was a real challenge before the surgeon, for his life was in question. The chances for his survival were thin. Mrs Bull and Nivedita were obviously under great tension in that situation and did apply all their strength and efforts to bring him back at any cost. The Boses naturally felt deeply indebted to them for their unstinted services with such affection and dedication. Patrick Geddes wrote: 'After Bose's attendance at the International Science Congress at Paris in 1900, and subsequent cares, his health broke down, and he was in imminent danger, when Mrs. Bull, hearing of this, came over from the Continent, found him an expert surgeon and helped to nurse him back to health. From this time a deep friendship grew up, and Bose found in her anew the great qualities of his own mother.'<sup>39</sup>

She gave some other interesting pieces of news to Mrs Bull on 22 November, one of them being the news of her meeting with Rhys Davids as well as the news of their invitation to

tea at the Royal Asiatic Society. She was sorry that Bose was absent then in view of his health condition. She dished out the information that Prof. Rhys Davids was 'going to help about the Tata Scheme'.<sup>40</sup> In 1898 Jamsetji Tata proposed a big donation to the Indian government for a postgraduate research institute, which ought to have Indians in a large number. Swamiji had supported the idea and showed his interest. Nivedita accordingly got connected to it obviously. Her intention was to establish a genius like Dr Bose in this centre for higher research, which would function free of direct control of the imperialist government. The proposal was not ultimately acceptable to the government. Nivedita, nevertheless, worked hard for its accomplishment, without giving up hope.

Her letter of 29 November to Bull contained much about Bose's work.

The 2nd paper—only—is under weigh. It is tremendous, and makes me feel that Annunciation lilies are only a beautiful scientific diagram of magnetic and other curves, as this man sees them. You will not be surprised that hours pass sometimes in making scientific drawings or calculations—or thinking things out and he will say at the end 'Another day wasted! Why am I so lazy?'—and yet not a minute has been wasted, really. They made me spend yesterday morning on the sofa. On Monday I got into the circuit of this tremendous mind, and sat for hours making drawings with collapse as the result. No wonder it takes him days to get a paper well on the loom (ibid.).

(To be continued)

## References

38. *Letters of Sister Nivedita*, ed. Sankari Prasad Basu, 2 vols (Calcutta: Nababharat, 1982), 1.393.
39. Sir Patrick Geddes, *The Life and Work of Sir Jagadis C. Bose: An Indian Pioneer of Science* (London: Longmans and Green, 1920), 221.
40. *Letters of Sister Nivedita*, 1.403.

# BALABODHA

*Ancient Wisdom Made Easy*


## Nididhyasana

SPIRITUAL PRACTICE consists of three stages: *shravana*, *manana*, and *nididhyasana*. Since the Upanishads exhort one to do *Nididhyasana*, it is necessary to know the meaning of this word and what exactly is meant by the practice of *nididhyasana*. This is a Sanskrit word. Sanskrit is a classical language like Greek, Latin, and Persian. And in Sanskrit, as in most classical languages, most words are derived from a stem or root.

The word *nididhyasana* is derived from the root *dhyai*, which means to think, imagine, contemplate, meditate, recollect, call to mind, and brood. *Nididhyasana* means profound and repeated meditation.

*Nididhyasana* follows *manana*. It is the stream of ideas of the same kind as those of Brahman, the ultimate Reality, and excludes ideas of a different kind, like those of the body, mind, senses, and the intellect. *Nididhyasana* means understanding the meaning of the scriptures on the basis of the relation between the words and the sense in which they are expressed. This is done by a person who has already acquired the complete knowledge of the meaning of the scriptures through the stages of *shravana* and *manana* along with the spiritual disciplines of *shama*, *dama*, *shraddha*, *titiksha*, *uparati*, and *samadhana*. *Nididhyasana* does not mean simple meditation, though that is the etymological meaning. *Nididhyasana* means knowledge that has liberation or moksha as its aim and has no expectation. It is the culmination of the practice of *shravana* and *manana*, and is an indirect intuition of Brahman.

*Shravana* is the principal because it is the consideration of a means of knowing and *manana* and *nididhyasana* are subsidiary because they only help to accomplish the fruit of *shravana*, that is, the knowledge of Brahman. It is also said that *shravana* and *manana* should be performed till the knowledge of Brahman manifests itself and *nididhyasana* is the final limit of performing *shravana* and *manana*. These two are said to culminate into *nididhyasana* after the repetition of the two. *Shravana* and *manana* are co-existent and *nididhyasana* is their culmination and the precedent of the knowledge of Brahman.

*Nididhyasana* is different from the meditation on a symbol or *upasana*. Here, one fixes the stream of ideas on the *principle*, Brahman, to determine its true nature. The purpose of *nididhyasana* is to attain a direct vision of Brahman, by discarding everything else. After the rising of this knowledge, nothing else needs to be done, because one gets moksha. The metaphysical knowledge that results from *nididhyasana* results in immediate moksha or liberation. *Nididhyasana* can also be defined as the flow of uninterrupted knowledge arising from the meditation on Brahman. However, it is not the meditation or concentration on something separate as that would mean that there is a difference between Atman and Brahman, which are identical in reality. And so, *nididhyasana* should be understood to be becoming one with Brahman. It is the realisation, comprehension, or understanding of the ultimate Reality after the analysis of the meaning of the Vedantic passages. 

# TRADITIONAL TALES

## *Karma Yoga*



ONCE IN VARANASI, two young men were walking through the Hanuman Square. They saw two young women drowning. Seeing this, they jumped into water. They rescued and brought to shore those two women, who were about to drown. The rescued women thanked the young men.

One young man asked the young woman he had rescued to marry him. He believed that this world was the only truth. The other young man looked upon women elder to him as his mother,


those of his age as sisters, and women younger to him as his daughters. Hence, he said to the young woman he had rescued: 'Sister, God has provided me the opportunity to do a good deed. I have done my duty.' He believed that God alone was true.

Externally, both the men did the same act of rescuing a life, but they differed in their attitudes. Hence, they got different results of the same work. Work that is done expecting results leads to bondage. Work that is done with the



idea that one is the instrument of God and with an attitude of surrendering the fruits of the work to God, leads to liberation. Moreover, only one who is leading a spiritual life can serve the world with purity. Else, one cannot prevent the influence of selfish interests.

Sri Krishna says in the Bhagavadgita: 'Your right is for action alone, never for the results. Do not become the agent of the results of action. May you not have any inclinations for inaction.'<sup>1</sup>

Sri Ramakrishna says: 'A boat may stay in water, but water should not stay in boat. A spiritual aspirant may live in the world, but the world should not live within him.'<sup>2</sup> 

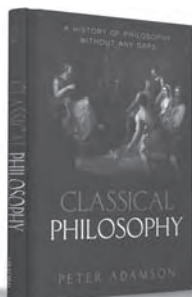
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1. Gita, 2.47.
2. *Sayings of Sri Ramakrishna* (Madras: Ramakrishna Math, 1971), 276.



# REVIEWS

For review in PRABUDDHA BHARATA,  
publishers need to send **two** copies of their latest publications



## **Classical Philosophy: A History of Philosophy without Any Gaps, Volume 1**

Peter Adamson

Oxford University Press, Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP, UK. [www.global.oup.com](http://www.global.oup.com). 2014. £20. 368 pp. HB. ISBN 9780199674534.

Anthony Kenny (b. 1931) and Thomas Nagel (b. 1937) being sombre do not care for the Internet. Hence, their serious tomes will languish in libraries of philosophy departments most of which have already shut shop. There are few takers for philosophy. Adamson is lucid like Bertrand Russell (1872–1970) and William Durant (1885–1981). What availeth a philosopher if she or he cannot take *sophia* to the masses?

Adamson is not afraid to refer us to the on-line *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* (317), is smitten with podcasts, and has his own podcast (xi). These show his readiness to be scrutinised by an international audience which determines a scholar's originality. And Adamson is original in his approach to classical philosophy. His *duh* attitude makes philosophy come alive (207). That does not mean that Adamson is not serious about the details of doing philosophy: 'Simplicity, they say, is a virtue. But is it really? ... modern attempts to provide a unified theory of physics [are naïve]' (243).

Who would have thought that in a book about ancient philosophers we will have scientists and their reductive thinking mocked? Aristotle's *Physics* (243–9) is a necessary antidote to these reductionists.

English literature students at Yale are disgusted that they have to read white male writers, at least so was their stance during early June 2016. (See <<http://www.washingtontimes.com/news/2016/jun/2/>

yale-students-white-male-writers-hostile-culture/> accessed 01 September 2017). Chapter 42 (300–8) of this book thankfully deals with ancient women philosophers and finally points to Luce Irigaray (307–8). If only someone could find Chaucer's female peers!

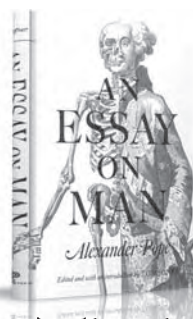
Professor Adamson's genius lies in connecting the ancient world with our zeitgeist. Writers like Adamson are needed if bright students are to see the value of being philosophers in a world which pays McDonald's employees more than philosophy adjuncts.

*Subhashis Chattopadhyay*

Psychoanalyst

Assistant Professor of English

Narasinha Dutt College, Howrah



## **An Essay on Man**

Alexander Pope

Edited by Tom Jones

Princeton University Press: 41 William Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540–5237, USA. [www.press.princeton.edu](http://www.press.princeton.edu). 2016. \$24.95. 248 pp. HB. ISBN 9780691159812.

The Psalmist in the *Old Testament* asks God: 'What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?' (Psalms 8:4). Jesus in the *New Testament* answers the Psalmist that man is the proper concern of God (Matthew 6:26, 6:28–30). Later Thomas of Aquinas (1225–74) will write *The Treatise on Man* (*Summa Theologiae*, 1265–74, Prima Pars, Questions 75–89/102). This is the beginning of European modernity and not as erroneously thought, the start of Scholastic quiddities.

Neither did Shakespeare (1564–1616) nor earlier, Geoffrey Chaucer (c. 1343/45–1400) inaugurate Early Modernism. Chaucer, contrary to established criticism, in *The Canterbury Tales*

(1387–1400) gives in to despair regarding the human condition and frankly, gives up on man (See ‘Physician’s Tale’, ‘Pardoner’s Introduction’, ‘Pardoner’s Prologue’, and ‘Pardoner’s Tale’). Shakespeare’s Hamlet’s exclamation: ‘What a piece of work is man’ ends in nihilism and despair: ‘And yet to me [Hamlet], what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither’ (*Hamlet*, Act 2, Scene 2).

The true heir to Aquinas is Giovanni Pico della Mirandola (1463–94) since in *Oration on the Dignity of Man* (1486), Mirandola till the end of his tract defends man and never gives up on humanity. Much later, Jonathan Swift (1667–1745) will extol humanity in his *Gulliver’s Travels* (1726) and Alexander Pope will pick up the traces not only of the Psalmist but of the entire *Old Testament*, including *Qoheleth*, the *New Testament*, Aquinas, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and of course, Pico della Mirandola to write his magnum opus *An Essay on Man* (1733–4). It is this work which will later exert its power on the likes of Immanuel Kant (1724–1804) and neo-Kantians like Susan Neiman (b. 1955). Neiman’s *Moral Clarity* (2009) shows how Kant was influenced by Pope and depicts Neiman’s love for *An Essay on Man*.

Princeton University Press got Tom Jones to introduce and annotate Pope’s work and it is a wake-up call to those eighteenth century literary scholars who have fixated on Pope’s *The Rape of the Lock* (1712) to the exclusion of all his other works. Jones’s ‘Introduction’ is itself the best essay today in print about Pope’s poem and a manifesto for the primacy of Enlightenment literature in an academia deadened with catchphrases. Jones writes: ‘The poem [An Essay on Man] has been used as a tool for thinking by philosophers and politicians from the middle of the eighteenth century to the present. It has been a practical resource for understanding where humans are placed in the world, what kind of beings they are, and what they should do ... Consequently it is surprising that the poem has not figured more prominently in the productive confrontation of literary and cultural studies with social theory and postwar European philosophy that has left such a strong mark on the university study of literature’ (xvii).

This is not ‘surprising’ because the academic

discourse on eighteenth century literature has been tainted by subaltern historiography, minor philosophical concerns, and an inertia expansively commented on by Alexander Pope in *The Dunciad* (1728). Hopefully Professor Jones’s thorough glosses will force inert humanists to re-scrutinise Pope’s entire corpus. The art of glossing literary texts is now a lost art and yet it is precisely this technique of glossing that should be taught to literature students in English major classrooms instead of harrying them to inane quick-fix seminars, which in most cases do not further the cause of deep scholarship. Enlightenment ideals are needed now what with Recep Tayyip Erdoğan (b. 1954), Ali Bongo Ondimba (b. 1959), and their ilk clinging to political power throughout the world. Tellingly, Jones notices Pope’s concern with man’s animality and animal’s humanity (ibid.). In a certain sense, Alexander Pope is one of the pioneers of ‘animal studies’, much discussed within the humanities today.

In his ‘Introduction’ to this edition, Jones notes that Arthur O Lovejoy in 1936 saw the ‘correspondences between Immanuel Kant’s *Universal Natural History and Theory of the Heavens* (1755)’ even before Maynard Mack (1909–2001; see Maynard Mack, *Alexander Pope: A Life* (New York: Norton, 1969)) did while researching the life of Pope (civ). This eye for detailed academic sleuthing makes Jones’s ‘Introduction’ by far the most advanced and original work by any researcher working today on Enlightenment literature. In 2017 it does little good to keep on going round and round about the question of Swift and Pope being satirists and making a hue and cry about whether they were Horatian, Juvenalian, or Varronian satirists. That work has been done masterfully by the late Ian Jack (1923–2008) in his *Augustan Satire: Intention and Idiom in English Poetry, 1660–1750* (1952) and later by Northrop Frye (1912–1991) in his *Anatomy of Criticism: Four Essays* (1957).

Tom Jones is in the line of literary scholars worldwide who understand that literature is not philosophy; neither is philosophy, literature. Jones is in the line of Edward Mendelson who is editing W H Auden’s (1907–73) corpus and Princeton University Press’s publishing both Jones and Mendelson shows the clarity of thought of the publisher since few try today to reclaim the domain



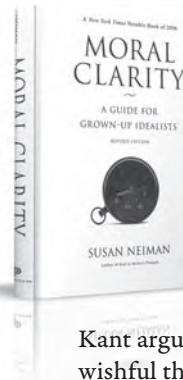
of the literary for literature students and scholars. Jones's edition under review reminds this reviewer of Auden's lines: 'The gaunt and great, the famed for conversation / Blushed in the stare of evening as they spoke / And felt their centre of volition shifted' (W H Auden, 'The Garden' in *The Quest*).

The 'gaunt and great[s]' among self-appointed literary gatekeepers may be forced to shift 'their centre of volition' to literature since Jones's work performs the *act* of literature so urgently needed. That is, only if the gaunt academic greats take the trouble to deeply read Jones's edition of *An Essay on Man* within their busy seminar-schedules. For Pope's *An Essay on Man* sees into the heart of dystopias:

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)  
 Contents us not. A better shall we have?  
 A kingdom of the just then let it be:  
 But first consider how those just agree.  
 The good must merit God's peculiar care:  
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are?  
 One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;  
 Another deems him instrument of hell;  
 If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod.  
 This cries there is, and that, there is no God.  
 What shocks one part will edify the rest,  
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.  
 The very best will variously incline,  
 And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.  
 Whatever is, is right. This world, 'tis true,  
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:  
 And which more blest? who chained his  
 country, say,  
 Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day? (84–5)

Pope, as is seen from the quotation, indeed rereads the Bible, the Reformation, *vide* Calvin above, and closes Early Modernism. What began in pre-Talmudic times ends with the Enlightenment within the Western history of ideas. This world 'so fitted for the knave' will march into a 'retreating world' prophesied by Wilfred Owen (1893–1918) in his poem *Strange Meeting* (1918) if one ignores Jones's scholarship, Pope's satires, and especially, his *An Essay on Man*.

Subhashis Chattopadhyay



**Moral Clarity:  
 A Guide For  
 Grown-Up Idealists**

Susan Neiman

Princeton University Press: 41 William Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540-5237, USA. [www.press.princeton.edu](http://www.press.princeton.edu). 2009. \$37.50. 480 pp. PB. ISBN 9780691143897.

Kant argued that happiness isn't a matter of wishful thinking, but a matter of reason's rights. Many Enlightenment thinkers held Christianity responsible for systematically decreasing our expectations of happiness, but Socrates wasn't much better. Kant saw that the problem was older than Christian asceticism; it goes as deep as metaphysics ever does. Because we long to believe that, appearances to the contrary, the world is the way that it should be, we use one or another trick to fool ourselves that it is. A disconnect between happiness and virtue? Just an illusion, said many Greek and Roman philosophers. When you look closer, they turn out not only in harmony, but identical. Epicureans thought virtue was happiness. Kant thought both views were attempts to escape the double pain of disconnection: We are neither as good nor as happy as we ought to be (174).

In the face of insurmountable evil in the form of the Shoah (For an understanding of Shoah, see Shmuel Trigano, *The Democratic Ideal and the Shoah: The Unthought in Political Modernity* (New York: State University of New York, 2009)), Susan Neiman asserts the need for clear thinking about what Aristotle termed 'eudaimonia'. (For an understanding of 'eudaimonia', see Martha Nussbaum, *The Fragility of Goodness: Luck and Ethics in Greek Tragedy and Philosophy* (Cambridge: Cambridge University, 1986), 334–5). Neiman is not the first philosopher trying to search for meaning qua happiness in life; this search for happiness has been the concern of thinkers in the last century as well as in this century.

It is strange that Neiman has been seen mostly in relationship with Hannah Arendt (1906–75).

For instance, Bernard G Prusak is incorrect in reading both Neiman and Arendt, while he reads Neiman on Arendt in his essay 'Arendt and the "Banality" of Evil: A Note on Neiman' (See <<https://expositions.journals.villanova.edu/article/view/87>> accessed 01 September 2017). What Prusak fails to understand is that Arendt was a brilliant structuralist while Neiman is a brilliant phenomenologist and is the most receptive reader of Arendt today. Like Prusak, many have failed to see the genius of Neiman since she, as Prusak points out in his derogatory essay, chooses to put Arendt forward in her works. The humility inherent in Neiman's work misguides many. A parallel can be drawn between John Milton (1608–74) and Alexander Pope (1688–1744). A cursory reading of Pope, who is read extensively by Neiman in her book under review here—for instance, see the index entry on Pope in page 466 of this book—makes one feel that Pope is lashing out at Milton; but deeper contemplation of Pope shows that he is aware and respectful of the contribution of John Milton to the cause of freedom and rebellion in a world choking under the pressures of Puritan excesses in the England of Milton's times. We will return to Neiman's phenomenological antecedents in a moment.

Neiman excels at abstract thinking in contrast to Arendt, which quality is not to be found in any other neo-Kantian writing today. We will have the chance to assess why it is important to see Neiman as a theologian, even though in her entire corpus she never sees herself as a theologian. In fact, in the book under review she is sceptical of God-talk and sees herself as an heir to the European Enlightenment, which was the first sustained attack on God in Europe; during the European Renaissance religious discourses were scrutinised and not God per se.

In this book she repeatedly stresses the uselessness of seeking certainties in life, in seeing the world in black and white, thereby shifting from Kant's stress on the categorical imperatives to a more phenomenological understanding of our *zeitgeist*. Yet as will be shown, she is in the continuum of thinkers beginning with Edith Stein (1891–1942) in the last century to Jürgen Moltmann (b. 1926) and Johann Baptist Metz (b. 1928) on the one hand and

to Eleanor Maccoby (b. 1917), Janet Taylor Spence (1923–2015), and Elizabeth Loftus (b. 1944) on the other hand. The interaction of Maccoby, Spence, and Loftus with the thought of Neiman is beyond the scope of this review. Later we will passingly show the need for Loftus's work in understanding Neiman. It is not hard to see her relationship to Emmanuel Lévinas (1906–1995), Eliezer Wiesel (1928–2016), Victor Frankl (1905–97), and Martha Nussbaum (b. 1947), and recently to another neo-Kantian, Bettina Stangneth (b. 1966).

Nussbaum is not concerned per se with theodicy as Neiman is, but she rereads Aristotle. Bettina Stangneth is more in the line of Hannah Arendt. The difference between Neiman on the one hand and Arendt and Stangneth is best proven through analogy: while the former is a pure mathematician, the latter two are applied mathematicians, as it were. The present book, in a very Husserlian sense, problematises morality and critiques Kant's imperatives in a comprehensible language. While Husserl is often indecipherable; Neiman is eminently readable without being reductionist.

In this book and elsewhere, Neiman is the true heir to a very specific domain within psychology and philosophy; the problem, or the lack, of empathy. Lack of empathy and what we can do about it is what the book under review is all about. This is because moral clarity is well-nigh impossible in a world where genocides are the norm and the Hitler-event has enacted a total amnesia on thinkers post-Shoah. It is interesting to note that many survivors of the Shoah became psychoanalysts and thus tried to reconstruct their experiences in the concentration camps (See H M Reijzer, *A Dangerous Legacy: Judaism and the Psychoanalytic Movement* (London: Karnac, 2011)).

Neiman too tries to see evil or the lack of innocence in this book but like all others before and after her, she is rendered speechless by Hitler, she does not speak of the Shoah explicitly: 'Rousseau is quite clear: the savage may be noble, but he isn't yet free. Rousseau's vision of happiness was not of a man who turned his back on civilization, but one who longed to improve it. ... Perhaps there was a sort of garden, Kant said, where humankind had wanted for nothing, and had no knowledge of evil. But if each of us had lost in leaving that state,

the species as a whole has gained. However you may yearn for the womb's shelter, you don't really want to return to it. The loss of innocence was the price of reason, and the Enlightenment had no doubt that reason was worth it' (179).

Notice that Neiman is using textual registers that clearly demand a more nuanced reading of this text than has been done so far. She suffers an anxiety, to speak in classical psychoanalytic terms, with her past; and resists the need for the safety of the womb. Therefore, we can safely say that she like Hans Jonas (1903–93) is involved in a struggle with the symbolic past: a past which she has inherited and thus memory studies come into the forefront, vide Sigmund Freud and Elizabeth Lof-tus, a past which is so horrific that she has to speak up for reason; yet always struggling to articulate the need for uncertainty throughout this book. For instance, she quotes John Dewey in page 216 of this book to prove her point that there is little value in our infantile craving for absolutes.

The European Enlightenment that is eventually the precursor to structuralism and modernism is so important to Neiman precisely because she wants to scrutinise the Shoah and understand the psyches of those who calmly carried on the pogroms of the Jews. There is no true poststructuralist object of critical enquiry; in fact structuralist movements too within the humanities and the social sciences are just long shadows of the Enlightenment. This is the psychoanalytic resistance/rejection to/of a return to the womb effected by genocide studies' scholars globally. Neiman resists the urge to stereotype unlike Daniel Goldhagen (b. 1959), who thinks all Germans are demonic or that Hitler and his cronies were demons.

When people face evil in its purest form, they naturally try to explain it. This effort to understand evil makes Neiman a theologian since only a theologian speaks of theodicy and evil. Therefore, Neiman's connection to Edith Stein is easy to understand. We have to see Neiman not merely as she sees herself: an heir to Hannah Arendt; a liberal moral philosopher who is schooled in John Rawls (1921–2002), and critiques social injustice through her readings of Immanuel Kant. The term moral philosopher comes up repeatedly when we search her on the Internet. In fact, in her

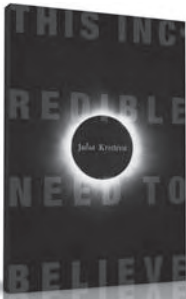
persistence in reading the Bible and repeatedly mentioning God, she is in the line of the great theologians of our day and before us. She may be an avowed neo-Kantian, but in the final analysis she is of the school of Moltmann, Metz, and even Gustavo Gutiérrez (b. 1928). It may be unfair to see her work within a continuum of Christian thinkers but in her engagement with suffering in this book and throughout her corpus, we see that she is informed by hesed, unlike Julia Kristeva whom this reviewer has also reviewed in this issue of this journal.

Also keeping in mind that Hitler and his conspicuous attendant lords were mostly men and contemptuous of women, it is startling that those systematically unmasking the Nazi-event are now mostly women. Neiman is therefore to be seen alongside Janet Taylor Spence and Eleanor Mac-coby. The book under review is therapeutic in so far as good philosophising is not very different from good talk-therapy. This reviewer is sceptical of any attempt to call Neiman only a moral philosopher. This reviewer has steered clear of all that is to be found on Neiman even in the dark web. Reading online makes Neiman out to be an anxiety-ridden marginal Jew and a philosopher who is too bothered with the Shoah, yet someone who is critical of our collective obsession with Hitler. But reading this book as against surfing online is an eye-opener: her work is just too complex to be slotted into meaningless categories.

Neiman's corpus resists what is known as commodity-fetish and leads us from the anxiety-ridden restless economy of the Pharaoh to the restful economy of the God of the Shema (See Walter Brueggemann, *Sabbath as Resistance: Saying No to the Culture of Now* (Louisville: Westminster John Knox, 2014)). Brueggemann (b. 1933) has articulated this restless economy of the Pharaoh in his corpus. Susan Neiman's book under review and her entire corpus is an effort to resist the Pharaoh's life negating economy. Neiman's intellect leads us to Yahweh's peace or *Sabbath/Shabbat/shavat*. It is refreshing to find her successfully resisting the cultural logic of late capitalism and reinstating the truths of Stein and Jonas mentioned above. The neo-Nazis at Charlottesville would do well to study Neiman.

*Subhashis Chattopadhyay*





## **This Incredible Need to Believe**

Julia Kristeva

Trans. Beverley Bie Brahic

Columbia University Press, 61 West 62 Street, New York, NY 10023, USA.  
[www.cup.columbia.edu](http://www.cup.columbia.edu). 2011. \$14.95.  
 136 pp. PB. ISBN 9780231147859.

Daniel N Stern's (1934–2012) *The Interpersonal World of the Infant* (1985) is more relevant today since syllabi framers globally are pushing the study of Jacques Lacan (1901–81) and Julia Kristeva (b. 1945) in disciplines ranging from women's studies to religious studies. This is akin to the legitimisation of quack medical doctors, whose only source of medical information is the Internet. Lacan, one suspects, is a victim of his own bombast and thus finds many takers, because hardly anyone seems to understand his *Seminars* (1951–63).

The danger of doling out either Lacan or Kristeva's contentions about the human psyche to a non-clinical audience is to deprive both the non-clinical or non-practising reader and the clinically ill patient of medications and proper therapy. Just because Shoshana Felman (b. 1942) and Elizabeth Wright (See her *Speaking Desires can be Dangerous: The Poetics of the Unconscious* (Cambridge: Polity, 1999)) applied psychoanalytic techniques to literary texts, it does not mean that literature or art is the proper object of psychoanalytic studies. How is it possible for those without clinical training to vouch for or against psychoanalysis? It is within this simultaneously farcical and dangerous academic zeitgeist that Kristeva's book under review and her corpus need to be assessed. We need to stop teaching psychoanalytic techniques to those who might potentially fuel the anti-psychiatry movement through their ignorance and lack of clinical encounters. Or we have to first teach theorists the importance of heeding the latest guidelines of the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* and also more importantly, teach them to heed the warnings of the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention located in the US.

R D Laing (1927–89) and Lacan harmed mentally ill patients by denying them medication.

Knowing Lacan's *Meditations on Optics* (1954) will not help a child with autism-spectrum disorders. This reviewer once met a very intellectual sociologist, whose son is autistic, with ADHD, and due to her readings in psychoanalysis she thinks Ritalin, methylphenidate hydrochloride, cannot improve her son's quality of life! She lectures on the autistic, contiguous, position with no regard for brain anatomy. On questioning it was found that she does not know of Thomas H Ogden's (b. 1946) valuable insights regarding the autistic-contiguous position (1989), which builds on the works of earlier psychoanalysts who worked with and on children. Ogden is a trained medical doctor who specialised in psychiatry and would not hesitate to prescribe drugs for this sociologist's son.

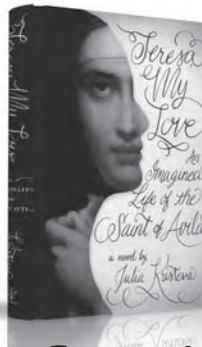
Kristeva shines only in two of her books: *Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection* and *Hatred and Forgiveness*. But for these two books, she too is relevant only so far as obscurity is the norm of being included in learned discussions and mindless essays, which has nearly finished the study, practise, and effectiveness of psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis is mistakenly thought of as anti-religious and solely concerned with the libidinal. This is because the global culture-brigade is not reading the likes of Robert Kennedy SJ aka Harada Roshi (b. 1933), or for that matter, the *Spiritual Exercises* (1522–4) of St Ignatius of Loyola (1491–1556). Much earlier, in the East, Gautama, the Buddha (c. 500 BCE) taught the art of deep-listening or what we now term, psychoanalysis. The connection(s) between Buddhism, the *Spiritual Exercises* of St Ignatius of Loyola, and classical psychoanalysis have been already established and have been found to constitute one harmonious continuum of healing the psyche. Kristeva's own context as a white woman academic ensconced as the mater familias of contemporary psychoanalysis allows her the arrogance of neglecting the Eastern roots of Western psychoanalysis. When Kristeva nowhere mentions St Ignatius's *Spiritual Exercises*'s contribution to the analyst and analysand dyad, maybe it is unfair to expect her to acknowledge the contributions of Eastern spirituality and dharmic traditions' contribution to contemporary psychoanalysis. Kristeva, in short, effects white colonial hegemony on the discipline of psychoanalysis.

Sigmund Freud (1856–1939) never wrote: ‘I dream of helping ... mothers and those who assist them (gynecologists, obstetricians, midwives, psychologists, analysts) and to refine our knowledge of this passion, pregnant with madness and sublimity. Mothers today are in need of such a discourse’ (47). Kristeva being *narcissistic*, in the Freudian sense, *dreams* utopias in this book. Freud knew that medical science will make his theories redundant. Kristeva unlike Freud, having no medical training keeps penning her *phantasies*. Her failure to understand the heart of motherhood has forced her to write such meaningless essays on the Virgin Mother of God, Mary: *Stabat Mater* (1977). Kristeva has this to say of motherhood: ‘This sublimatory cycle [the mother-child dialectic] is not without sublimatory perversity’ (45). Donald Winnicott (1896–1971), Carl Rogers (1902–87), and later, Virginia Satir (1916–88) have more effective therapeutic solutions to issues of familial attachment than Kristeva has been able to formulate in her entire career. She just keeps reworking the unnecessarily libidinal aspects of Freud’s work.

The problem that faith poses, which Søren Kierkegaard (1813–55) understood, eludes Kristeva. Thus she finds it ‘incredible’ that someone can be set aflame by the love of/for God. The vocation to enter into communion with God or Brahman is an anthropomorphic call, by *saguna* Brahman: Kristeva can never conceive of this call. How can she? She has never felt the passion which moved Swami Vivekananda to toil constantly for humanity or the inner urge which forced El Salvadorian Jesuits to become martyrs for the cause of justice fueled by *hesed*! In this book and elsewhere, Kristeva does not take into account *hesed*, *rahamim*, or *hēn*. She shows no understanding of God as *gine*the *oiktirmones* (Luke 6:36). Kristeva’s *poseur* as a humanist lies in her stress (21–3) in integration, in the guise of advocating multiculturalism, she advocates the erasure of individuality. Kristeva’s failure is in understanding the value of the inter-cultural. Cultures come into being not through the praxis of perfection of culture studies mediated by psychoanalysis, but through *hesed*. There is no *hesed* informing this book under review.

Kristeva provides clichéd insights about Marcel Proust (35) and Céline (38). The book under review proves that Kristeva is not *self-actualised*. She is still stuck within the *Tel Quel* group where she began her writing. Kristeva’s literary style is bad and to her, writing style matters. She is a failed novelist, who churns out bad novels and erudite essays which have little to do with reality. Kristeva and Sudhir Kakar (b. 1938) have jointly spoilt the reputation of both Freud and psychoanalysis. Kakar’s *Young Tagore: The Makings of a Genius* (2014) is an insult to both psychoanalytic studies and to Tagore himself. Only when we are rid of Lacan and books like the one under review, will we be able to offer proper treatment to those in need of medication and what classical psychoanalysis has to offer those traumatised. Father Harada Roshi and Daniel Stern need to be taught rather than Kristeva.

*Subhashis Chattopadhyay*



***Teresa, My Love:  
An Imagined Life of  
the Saint of Avila—A Novel***

Julia Kristeva

Trans. Lorna Scott Fox

Columbia University Press, 61 West  
62 Street, New York, NY 10023, USA.  
[www.cup.columbia.edu](http://www.cup.columbia.edu). 2014. \$40.  
648 pp. HB. ISBN 9780231149600.

St Teresa of Avila is one of the most studied and emulated Christian mystic. She is an extraordinary role model to be followed by a monastic religious, because she not only gives step-by-step instructions for the ‘interior’ life, but also guides life in a monastic community. She is one of the very few mystics who have recorded in detail their experiences. This record has helped and continues to help numerous mystical aspirants. However, this record has also had an effect that St Teresa could have hardly imagined: it has been made a subject of ‘psychoanalytic investigation’ and worse, turned into an ‘imagined life’ that masquerades as a ‘novel’.

The novel is not seen, because there is none. What Julia Kristeva presents in this book is an

unanswered soliloquy, supposedly in front of St Teresa, made 'scholarly' by interspersed passages from the saint herself and also from numerous studies on her and psychoanalysis. The reader gets the jolt of life when Kristeva brands St Teresa as one who was 'unrepentantly carnal ... moved by an insatiable desire for men and women' (9). From then on, Kristeva's stand becomes clear and all her laborious work with a word-by-word analysis of St Teresa's writings with the Spanish original given alongside, becomes meaningless, as they are bereft of the 'passion' for God, which is quite opposite to the 'passion' Kristeva portrays here.

Kristeva assumes just too many roles! While her credentials as a philosopher, feminist, author, and psychoanalyst is generally acknowledged by the academia—though her qualifications to be a psychoanalyst, and whether she actually *does* psychoanalysis is highly doubtful—her being a mystic and interpreter of sacred texts is indeed a new phenomenon! This high-handed attitude has resulted in passages such as this: 'So, while it's true that Judaism contains veins of mysticism, that the Upanishads relish sensual joys and annihilation in the sounds of the language, that Muslim Sufism reveals Being and its impossibility together, and that Zen koans are peerless propagators of the Void, it was in Christianity that mystics male and female were to find their royal road. Like Saulon the road to Damascus' (41).

It is only the omniscient genius that Kristeva is, can authoritatively proclaim the 'sensual joys and annihilation' of the Upanishads, though numerous scholars who have devoted their entire lives to the study of Upanishads have never found anything even remotely sensual in these sublime texts! One can only glean the vast ignorance that Kristeva flaunts when she denies any presence of mysticism in Judaism, the Upanishads, Sufism, or Zen Buddhism!

One could write an equally voluminous book if one were to properly critique the book under review. Kristeva ends her volume with a chapter titled 'Letter to Denis Diderot on the Infinitesimal Subversion of a Nun'. What is 'subverted' is the not so subtle subtext that this book is indeed for the 'faithless and lawless' (594).

This book has a play, 'Dialogues from Beyond

the Grave' in four acts, which is at best inconclusive and vague. Psychoanalysts self-appointing themselves to 'investigate' saints' lives forget that there is a sublime 'desireless' passion, just as there is an 'asexual' orientation. The popularity of this book is alarming as one is concerned with the number of people that are getting a biased perspective.

Kristeva clears her objective:

The point is neither to submit to the intellect, nor to substitute it with restless thought and imagination, but to construct a new expression that constitutes the Teresian discourse: suspension of the intellect, while also eluding that illusory, misleading, mystificatory imagination. A different imagination—let's call it the imaginary—is ready to "fly about", to soar free of Teresa, to free her in turn, to deliver her even from God; since God is in "the very deep and intimate part" of her, and it's this that she seeks to liberate and be liberated from (22).

Really? St Teresa of Avila wants to be 'liberated from' God? Obviously, the clinical psychologist Sylvia Leclercq, through whom Kristeva dissects the life of St Teresa, is assuming too much! When Leclercq/Kristeva says that St Teresa added to 'mystical theology ... her neuropsychic pathology and her feminine sensuality' (231), she completely misses the point! Wading more than six hundred pages of undecipherable text that presupposes knowledge of Christian mysticism, psychoanalysis—especially Lacan—and the antics of Kristeva, what does the reader get? Frustration at having not understood the cerebral vomit of a scholar, supposedly holding the mecca of academia, and is left with an unnamed angst to 'regain' scholarship to really understand this book! As away from the saint's life as it can get, this tome can be safely kept aside for those who believe in theorising and sexualising spiritual endeavours, who proclaim: 'The experience reconstructed by Teresa's works amounts to a laboratory of masochism and sadism, of which the nun herself became rapidly aware' (179).

Editor

Prabuddha Bharata



# MANANA

**Exploring thought-currents from around the world.  
Extracts from a thought-provoking book every month.**

## ***The Self***

Eds. Constantine Sedikides and  
Steven J Spencer

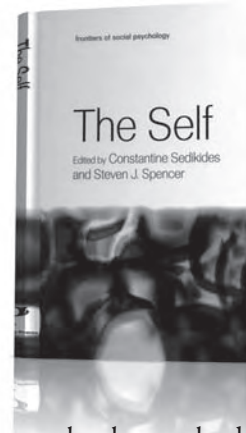
Psychology Press, 711 Third Avenue, New York, NY  
10017, USA. 2014. xii + 364 pp. \$54.95. PB. ISBN  
9781138006195.

PHILOSOPHERS AND PSYCHOLOGISTS have long been interested in understanding the nature of the self. As the various chapters in this book demonstrate, psychologists have learned a great deal, although many questions remain. Chief among these is how activity in the brain gives rise to the unitary and coherent sense of self that exists across time and place. Recently, researchers have started to use the methods of neuroscience in their efforts to explore questions about the self. The advent of imaging techniques over the past two decades has provided researchers with the capacity to study the working brain in action, thus providing a new window for examining previously intractable mental states, including the phenomenological experience of self. In this chapter, we describe neuroimaging work on three primary aspects of self: the cognitive self (i.e., self-knowledge), the effective self (i.e., self-esteem), and the executive self (i.e., self-regulation). We do not intend this to be an exhaustive review of the neurobiology of self. Rather, our goal is to demonstrate how studying the brain can inform psychological research on various aspects of the self.

Our overall approach to thinking about the self follows a social brain sciences perspective. This approach merges evolutionary theory, experimental social cognition, and neuroscience to elucidate the neural mechanisms that support social behavior. From an evolutionary perspective,

the brain is an organ that has evolved over millions of years to solve problems related to survival and reproduction. Those ancestors who were able to solve survival problems and adapt to their environments were most likely to reproduce and pass along their genes. Whether the self truly is an adaptive mechanism is open to some debate, although there is considerable evidence that the symbolic self provided considerable advantages over the course of evolution, such as facilitating communication and cooperation with group members. From the social brain sciences perspective, just as there are dedicated brain mechanisms for breathing, walking, and talking, the brain has evolved specialized mechanisms for processing information about the social world, including the ability to know ourselves, to know how others respond to us, and to regulate our actions in order to avoid being ejected from our social groups. Humans are a social species who rely on other group members for survival. From a functional perspective, the possession of a self allows people to be good group members, thereby avoiding rejection and enhancing survival and reproduction. Here we consider the various brain mechanisms that give rise to the human self.

There are two basic approaches for studying brain regions important for self: studying the impaired brain and imaging the healthy brain. By examining the psychological consequences of




brain injuries, we can begin to identify the contributions of those specific regions to various aspects of the self. For instance, patient studies have provided a wealth of evidence regarding abnormalities in the processing of bodily information—feeling of possession over limbs can occur even after those limbs have been removed from the body, as in phantom limbs. Similarly, damage to right parietal regions can render patients unable to maintain a representation of the left side of the body.

In terms of the phenomenological aspects of self, it is apparent that the frontal lobes are crucial, as various disorders of self reflect disturbances in frontal lobe functioning. For example, a diminished capacity for self-awareness has long been known to be characteristic of those with frontal injuries. According to Wheeler, Stuss, and Tulving (1997), those with frontal lobe damage have difficulty reflecting on personal knowledge, implying that injury to this brain region interferes with the ability to process self-relevant information. We hasten to add that there is no specific ‘self’ spot of the brain, no single brain region that is responsible for all psychological processes related to self. Rather, psychological processes are distributed throughout the brain, with contributions from multiple subcomponents determining discrete mental activities that come together to give rise to the human sense of self. Various cognitive, sensory, motor, somatosensory, and affective processes are essential to self, and these processes likely reflect the contribution of several cortical and subcortical regions. Here we consider how neuroimaging can provide new data relevant to these components of self. We focus especially on our own research to demonstrate how we have used functional neuroimaging to better understand the self.

### ***The Cognitive Self***

The self-concept consists of all that we know about ourselves, including things such as name,

race, likes, dislikes, beliefs, values, and even whether we possess certain personality traits. According to Baumeister (1998), ‘the capacity of the human organism to be conscious of itself is a distinguishing feature and is vital to selfhood’. Given that self-knowledge plays a critical role in understanding who we are, researchers have long debated whether the brain gives privileged status to information that is self-relevant or alternatively if information processed about the self is treated in the same manner as any other type of information. This is the key issue underlying the question of whether self is ‘special’ in any meaningful way.

A seminal study by Timothy Rogers and colleagues (1977) found a memory advantage for information encoded with reference to self. They found that asking people to make personal judgements on trait adjectives (e.g., ‘Are you mean?’) produced significantly improved memory for the words than if the participants were asked to make semantic judgements (e.g., ‘Define the word mean?’). This self-reference memory enhancement effect has been observed in many contexts, such as when people remember information processed with reference to self better than information processed with reference to other people. The overall picture that emerges is that self-relevant information is especially memorable. Indeed, even people who can remember very little can often remember information that is self-relevant. For instance, patients who suffer from severe amnesia (resulting from brain injury, developmental disorders, or Alzheimer’s disease) retain the ability to accurately describe whether specific traits are true of the self. Klein provides the example of patient K C, who showed a preserved ability to accurately identify his ‘new’ personality traits after becoming profoundly amnesic and undergoing a radical personality change following a motorcycle accident. 

# REPORTS

## ***Celebration of the 150th Birth Anniversary of Sister Nivedita***

**Baranagar Math** held two programmes comprising talks and cultural programmes on 26 and 27 November 2016, which were attended altogether by 310 people. **Chandipur Math** held a public meeting on 28 October attended by about 150 persons. **Chennai Math** has produced a Tamil drama on Sister Nivedita in association with a drama troupe. First staged on 11 September, the drama was watched by about 500 people. **Dehradun** centre conducted cultural competitions from 10 to 13 November in which 850 students from 35 schools of Dehradun participated. **Jaipur** centre conducted a spiritual retreat on 27 November which was attended by 75 people. **Jalpaiguri Ashrama** held a discourse on Sister Nivedita on 28 October attended by 70 people. **Jamtara Math** conducted a special programme comprising procession, speeches, and cultural programmes on 28 October in which about 100 students and others participated. **Kadapa** centre held a youths' convention on 18 November attended by more than 1,000 youths from 16 colleges in and around Kadapa. **Kanpur** Ashrama held a doctors' convention on 6 November participated by about 50 doctors. **Malliankaranai** centre held two programmes at Arpakkam and Kadalmangala villages on 9 and 31 October which were attended altogether by 220 people, mainly students. **Mysuru** centre conducted a programme on 28 October which was attended by about 500 people, mainly students and teachers. **Ponnampet** centre held a workshop on 21 November on the theme 'Role of soldiers in maintaining the sovereignty of our country' which was attended by 380 people. **Puri Mission Ashrama**

conducted a youths' convention on 26 November attended by 150 youths. **Ranchi Morabadi** centre held a farm women empowerment programme on 15 November in which 314 members of self-help groups and 30 farmers took part. **Vijayawada** centre held two youths' conventions on 11 and 12 November in which altogether 1,250 youths participated. The centre also held a parents' and teachers' convention on 13 November which was attended by 355 people.

## ***News of Branch Centres***

The newly constructed kitchen-cum-dining-hall on Babupara campus of **Ramakrishna Mission, Imphal** was inaugurated on 8 December.

On 9 December 1916, Swami Brahmanandaji Maharaj had laid the foundation stone for the temple at Nettayam sub-centre of **Ramakrishna Ashrama, Thiruvananthapuram**. In commemoration of that event, the Ashrama held a five-day spiritual retreat programme from 9 to 13 December 2016 in which about 100 devotees took part.

As a part of the first phase of its centenary celebration, **Ramakrishna Math and Ramakrishna Mission Sevashrama, Garbeta** held a six-day programme from 16 to 21 December which included a devotees' convention, a fair, an exhibition, and a colourful procession. Thousands of people attended the programmes.

**Ramakrishna Mission Calcutta Students' Home, Belgharia**, held the concluding phase of its year-long centenary celebration from 24 to 26 December with public meetings, cultural programmes, and *narayana seva*, feeding poor people. Swami Suhitananda, then General Secretary, Ramakrishna Math and Ramakrishna Mission, presided over the public meeting held on 25



December. A good number of monks, hundreds of devotees, and about 300 alumni attended the celebration.

Students of **Ramakrishna Mission Vidya-pith, Purulia** won 5 gold, 8 silver, and 2 bronze medals in the Purulia District Annual School Athletic Meet held on 22 November. The team was adjudged the best participating team.

Two teams representing Tamil Nadu state, which had two students of Coimbatore faculty centre of **Ramakrishna Mission Vivekananda University**, won the under-19 and above-19 national level football tournaments conducted by the Rural Games Federation of India in Meerut from 9 to 13 November. The teams also won the Rural Games International Football tournaments held in Bhutan from 1 to 4 December.

### Relief

**Winter Relief:** 9,876 blankets were distributed to poor people through the following centres: **India:** **Bhubaneswar:** 500, from 30 November to 23 December 2016; **Burdwan:** 150, from 10 to 22 January; **Chandigarh:** 270, from 1 November to 30 December; **Cooch Behar:** 389, in January; **Guwahati:** 423, from 15 December to 22 January; **Jaipur:** 300, from 17 December to 1 January; **Kamarpukur:** 1,980, from 10 December to 17 January; **Kanpur:** 200, on 11 December; **Khetri:** 50, on 22 January; **Kothar:** 350, on 5 December; **Lucknow:** 600, from 11 to 26 December; **Narottam Nagar:** 517, from 5 to 15 January; **Puri Math:** 700, from 24 November to 2 January; **Puri Mission:** 300, from 15 November to 19 January; **Shimla:** 100, from 12 to 30 December; **Vrindaban:** 800, from 7 to 21 January; **Bangladesh:** **Chandpur:** 100, on 19 January; **Dinajpur:** 1,092, from 20 December to 28 January; **Mymensingh:** 895, in December and January.

Besides, the following centres distributed

various winter garments, mentioned against their names, to needy people: **Bagda:** 724 sweaters from 18 December to 4 January. **Chandigarh:** 758 sweaters, 770 jackets, and 500 mufflers from 13 November to 18 December. **Chapra:** 210 jackets and 220 sweaters from 13 to 21 December. **Cooch Behar:** 220 sweaters and 129 sweatshirts in the month of January. **Darjeeling:** 2,480 sweaters and 10,143 jackets from 15 August to 25 December. **Deoghar:** 1,751 sweaters from 7 to 31 December. **Ghatshila:** 1,034 sweaters, 675 sweatshirts, and 1,018 mufflers from 15 October to 8 January. **Jamshedpur:** 399 sweaters and 200 mufflers from 5 to 31 December. **Kailashahar:** 529 sweaters from 13 November to 9 January. **Kamarpukur:** 40 shawls on 25 December. **Kankurgachhi:** 356 sweaters from 13 November to 9 January. **Limbdi:** 247 sweaters on 19 January. **Lucknow:** 3,111 sweaters from 11 to 26 December. **Mysuru:** 422 sweaters and 91 sweatshirts from 20 November to 13 January. **Nagpur:** 1,070 sweaters and 573 jackets from 3 September to 12 January. **Narottam Nagar:** 395 sweaters and 240 sweatshirts from 5 to 27 January. **Patna:** 599 sweaters and 614 sweatshirts from 29 October to 10 January. **Purulia:** 975 sweaters from 18 to 24 December. **Rajkot:** 3,844 sweaters, 1,137 jackets, and 132 sweatshirts from 26 July to 1 October. **Ramharipur:** 201 jackets, 856 sweaters, and 214 sweatshirts from 15 September to 3 October. **Ranchi Morabadi:** 3,021 sweaters and 2,840 jackets from 18 September to 15 January. **Ranchi Sanatorium:** 885 sweaters from 26 November to 13 January. **Sargachhi:** 631 sweatshirts and 450 mufflers from 17 November to 31 December. **Shyamla Tal:** 1,500 sweaters, 850 sweatshirts, 1,698 jackets, and 849 coats from 30 September to 14 December. **Vrindaban:** 1,600 sweaters on 20 December. ❧

**Correction** • August 2017, p. 612: Read 'Dwipendranath, son of Dwijendranath—the eldest brother of Rabindranath' instead of 'Dipendranath, son of Jatindranath—the elder brother of Rabindranath'.

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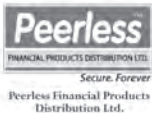
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# SRI RAMAKRISHNA MATH

Reserve Line, Madurai – 625 014,  
Tamil Nadu



Phone : 0452-2680224,  
Cell : 08618162822  
Email : madurai@rkmm.org

Dear Well Wisher,

This is an appeal to raise funds for a new building in 'Ramakrishna Math Sarada Vidyalaya' school campus, by the Grace of God!

We pray the Almighty and write this letter for your knowledge about our service to our neighbourhood.

1. Every morning we provide free food for 120 poor students at our Math Premises.

2. We offer free Health care service for the poor & sick people through Allopathy & Homeopathy clinics, held in our Math Premises.

3. Free Medical camps are held:

- a. Free Eye – Care camp on the third Sunday of every month,
- b. Free Accupunture Camp on the third Sunday of every month,
- c. Free General Medical Camp (once in a few months)



Sarada Vidyalaya School:

Sri Sarada Vidyalaya run by Sri Ramakrishna Math is a co-educational Nursery and Primary school in which 545 students are getting educated.

Free Tuition Center:

We run Free Tuition Classes for students of all levels from government school (Std III to XII) every evening in our Sarada Vidyalaya campus.

We feel happy to share with you the service rendered to the poor students - an approximate amount of Rupees 5 Lakhs is being spent on Scholarship that is granted to the poor students for higher education.

## NEED OF A NEW HALL FOR OUR SERVICE

Ground Floor :

Here arises the need; for a big hall to accommodate students of all levels in the evenings and also of the primary school in the mornings. We also need the same to run the Free Medical camps.

Hence we, have planned to build a Multipurpose Hall of about 2500 Sq.foot area.

An amount of Rupees 55 Lakhs is estimated to be spent to build this new Multipurpose hall. They can only be achieved through generous contribution from devotees and well wishers.

## APPEAL FOR DONATIONS

We believe in your kind and generous support to complete this project successfully. Your donations for our charitable – educational service will enable our attempt to continue our journey in the service of the poor.

All donations, big or small, will be thankfully accepted and acknowledged. If you wish, we will be displaying names of major donors– Rupees

One lakh & above, in marble slabs in the new building.

Donations may be sent by means of Cheque/DD in favour of **"Ramakrishna Math, Madurai"**, to the above address. or *The Bank details Account Name: Ramakrishna Math, Account No: 32314981922, Bank: State Bank of India, Branch: Narayanapuram, Madurai – 625014. IFSC Code: SBIN0011063* (Please inform us through email, if money send by NEFT/RTGS).

Donation to us is exempted from income-tax under section 80-G of the Income Tax Act.

I pray to Divine Mother Sri Sri Meenakshi and Sri Sri Sundareswar of Madurai, and also to Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna, The Holy Mother Sri Sarada Devi and Swami Vivekananda for all of you.

Appeal my loving Namaskars and best wishes once again.

Yours in the service of the Lord,  
Swami Kamalatmananda





## পুণ্যদর্শন মহেন্দ্রনাথ দত্ত (স্বামী বিবেকানন্দের মধ্যমভ্রাতা) মহাশয়ের অমূল্য গ্রন্থাবলীর তালিকা

### কাব্য, সমালোচনা প্রভৃতি

- |   |  |                                    |
|---|--|------------------------------------|
| ১। শ্রীশ্রী রামকৃষ্ণের অনুধ্যান                         | ১৩। দীন মহারাজ                                     | ২৭। সঙ্গীতের রূপ                   |
| ২। লণ্ডনে স্বামী বিবেকানন্দ                             | ১৪। গুরুপ্রাণ রামচন্দ্রের অনুধ্যান                 | ২৮। নৃত্যকলা                       |
| ৩। শ্রীমৎ বিবেকানন্দ স্বামীজীর জীবনের ঘটনাবলী           | ১৫। ভক্ত দেবেন্দ্রনাথ                              | ২৯। বিবিধ কবিতাবলী                 |
| ৪। স্বামী বিবেকানন্দের বাল্যজীবনী                       | ১৬। গিরিশচন্দ্রের মন ও শিল্প                       | ৩০। কাব্য অনুশীলন                  |
| ৫। কাশীধামে স্বামী বিবেকানন্দ                           | ১৭। ব্রহ্মানন্দ ও রামকৃষ্ণ মিশন                    | ৩১। প্রাচীন জাতির দেবতা ও বাহনবাদ  |
| ৬। অজাভাষ্য শ্রীমৎ স্বামী ব্রহ্মানন্দ মহারাজের অনুধ্যান | ১৮। মাস্তার মহাশয়ের অনুধ্যান                      | ৩২। দৌত্যকার্য                     |
| ৭। মহাপুরুষ শ্রীমৎ স্বামী শিবানন্দ মহারাজের অনুধ্যান    | ১৯। গুপ্ত মহারাজ (স্বামী সদানন্দ)                  | ৩৩। পাশুপত অস্ত্রলাভ (কাব্য)       |
| ৮। তাপস লাটু মহারাজের অনুধ্যান                          | ২০। মাতৃদয় (গৌরী মা ও গোপালের মা)                 | ৩৪। উষা ও অনিরুদ্ধ                 |
| ৯। শ্রীমৎ সারদানন্দ স্বামীজীর জীবনের ঘটনাবলী            | ২১। নিত্য ও লীলা (বৈষ্ণব দর্শন)                    | ৩৫। খেলাধূলা ও পল্লীসংস্কার        |
| ১০। জে. জে. গুডউইন                                      | ২২। বদরীনারায়ণের পথে                              | ৩৬। বৃহন্নলা                       |
| ১১। শ্রীমৎ স্বামী নিশ্চয়ানন্দ মহারাজের অনুধ্যান        | ২৩। প্রাচীন ভারতের সংশ্লিষ্ট কাহিনী                | ৩৭। মায়াবতীর পথে                  |
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|   | ২৬। শিল্প প্রসঙ্গ                                  | ৪০। কলিকাতার পুরাতন কাহিনী ও প্রথা |
|   |  | ৪১। বাংলা ভাষার প্রধান             |

### মহেন্দ্রনাথ প্রসঙ্গে গ্রন্থাবলী

- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| ১। স্মৃতি তর্পন - প্যারীমোহন মুখোপাধ্যায় | ২। পুণ্যদর্শন মহেন্দ্রনাথ প্রসঙ্গে - সত্যচরণ দত্ত | ৩। বিবিধ প্রসঙ্গে মহেন্দ্রনাথ - মানস প্রসূন চট্টোপাধ্যায় |
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| ৭। অঞ্জলী নিবেদন - শ্যামাপদ পাল           | ১২। সংলাপে মহেন্দ্রনাথ - ধীরেন্দ্রনাথ বসু         |   |



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*We want to lead mankind to the place where there is neither the Vedas, nor the Bible, nor the Koran; yet this has to be done by harmonising the Vedas, the Bible and the Koran.*

*Mankind ought to be taught that religions are but the varied expressions of THE RELIGION, which is Oneness, so that each may choose the path that suits him best.*

*Swami Vivekananda*



ABP

## ***Letters of Sister Nivedita Vols. 1 & 2***

— compiled & edited by **Sankari Prasad Basu**

No real history of India dealing with the late nineteenth and early twentieth century shall ever escape the indelible impact that Sister Nivedita left on many areas of the country's national life. Her letters in these two volumes, besides revealing the magnificence of her brilliance and personality, tell the unique story of her love and sacrifice for a far off land that she lovingly adopted as her own. 1897 to 1911—the intervening years of growing turbulence in Indian history are the backdrop of nearly nine hundred letters Sister Nivedita wrote to her family, friends and acquaintances all over the world. These letters were painstakingly researched and collected by Prof. Sankari Prasad Basu, a noted researcher and writer during his time, over a period of two decades from Indian, European, and American sources. The letters throw fresh light on the history of an important age and its most representative personalities. For eager and inquisitive minds Nivedita's letters are invaluable source-material on many counts, as they reveal for the first time various unknown and startling facts about India during the Curzons, Mintos and Hardinges; draw us to the India of Vivekananda, Rabindranath and Aurobindo; and allow us a real picture of India groaning under the imperialistic rule and yet rising to a great purpose.



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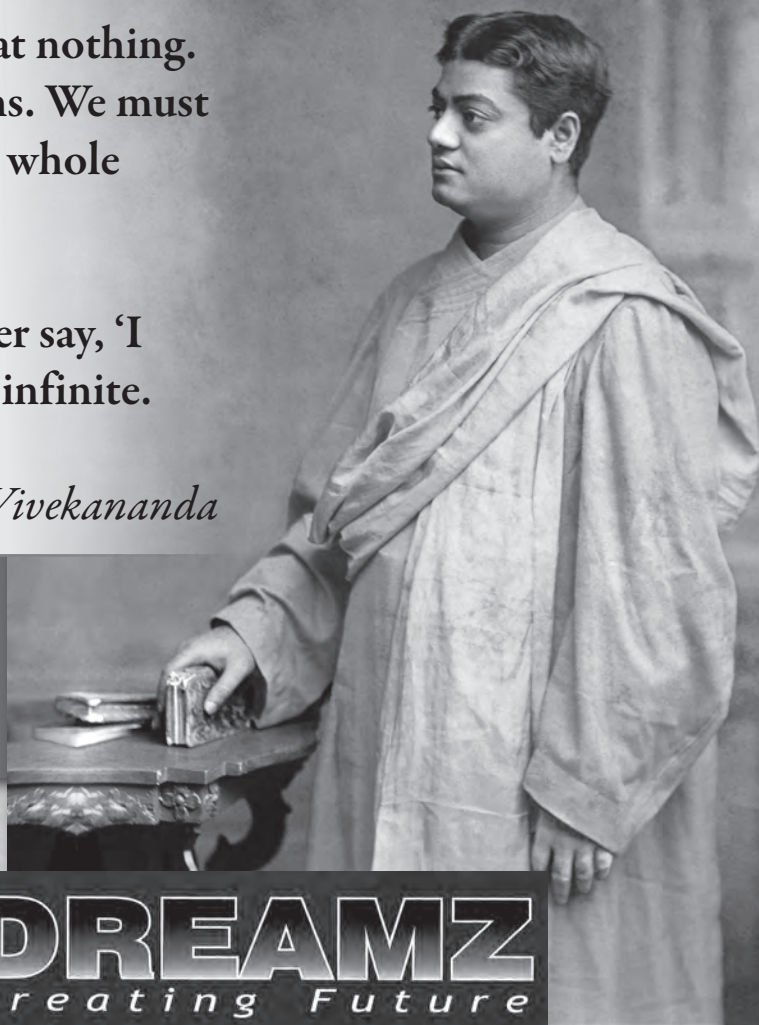
Each soul is potentially divine.  
The goal is to manifest this  
Divinity within.

Strength is life, weakness is  
death.

Fear nothing, stop at nothing.  
You will be like lions. We must  
rouse India and the whole  
world.

Never say, 'No', never say, 'I  
cannot', for you are infinite.

—*Swami Vivekananda*



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## *An Appeal*

The incessant rain in Uttarakhand has brought about destruction on a large scale this year.

However, with the grace of Sri Sri Thakur and Sri Maa the ashrama has been spared from any damage.

Meanwhile in this ancient land of pilgrimage this ashrama carved out in Shi Shri Thakur's name has found a place in the hearts of many devotees. Lovers of pilgrimages, the Himalayan people, have accepted this new place of worship (established in 2014) dedicated to Thakur Maa Swamiji with love, respect and devotion.

Therefore, taking the future into consideration the need is to earmark the sliding zones and build strong retaining walls.

For this purpose, the estimated cost will be approximately 30 lakh rupees. We appeal to all devotees to please donate generously towards this venture. May Thakur Maa Swamiji shower their choicest blessings on each one of you.

This is my heartfelt prayer.

Yours in the lord

**Swami Sarvatmananda**  
Secretary

## For Communication

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came to her one morning in help in weaving a shawl  
which he had dropped in the course of his usual  
walk on a dark night. Instantly, when she first  
saw him, she changed the "brother" of his rough address  
into "William" as he stood before her. And subsequently,  
when he found the missing chronometer in a wrap of  
furs, beside the King's gate she had indicated to him,  
instead of disputing her fact, as he had elsewhere seen  
himself doing, he said was too delicate even to mention  
doubting to the lonely woman, and paid the uttermost  
furthering several times over during the winter, in sacks of  
potatoes left quietly inside her door.

Nevertheless it was from no pride of origin that the  
goon of Janet Nuttall sprang. Written was it a  
plumage of herself on her tabernacle, and bast of all the  
triumph of the Charleston over the Annapolis. Whether  
the nature of the old woman's gift might be, she at  
least, believed in those gulls. Once, and once  
only, she had been almost kinder in their seeing.  
It was when poor Anne Willden had come to her to  
learn the fate of her sailor-son, and had

hidden her face on the old woman's breast in the  
storm of tears and wailing. And the  
withered hand had been laid on the golden head,  
and the frail figure in its high-backed chair had  
grown stout and sturdy for a moment. While the  
dark, wet gaze was dilated to a distant vision.

But the words that fell from the parted  
lips were free and bitter, — "Enough, enough,  
weep no more for your laddie — He'll never  
come home again."

In the Wise Woman there had sprung  
up a sudden throbbing sense of kinship, but  
she had not softened her message. To her eyes  
the figure of young Anne in his dress was gone,  
lying among tangled weeds, and already half-  
buried in the ooze of the ocean floor, was as real  
as if she herself were on the spot, and she  
told the worst plainly. Indeed, disappointed  
more rather than pity had been her strongest

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'Hag-Ridden', Original Manuscript Written by Sister Nivedita

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feeling, when the girl fled from her suddenly,  
with a wild shriek, and took to her bed in high  
fever.

For Janet Nuttall's own life was spent in a  
fruitless search, and from her position of des-  
pair, she looked down upon the merely happy,  
as from a mountain-height.

The fact that other people would have re-  
garded the object of her efforts as a chimera,  
and their field of pursuit as an insane delusion,  
could no way lessen the bitterness of inward  
failure for her. She could tell a country yokel  
if his sweetheart was true to him; but whether  
a certain convict-prison still held the son, who  
forty years ago, had lain in her arms, she could  
not see. Neither could she, by her gifts, discover  
the true perpetrators of the crime for which she  
believed that he unjustly suffered.

It was this deep knowledge of pain that  
made Janet Nuttall haughty to those whose

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souls did not lie with hers in the abyss; it was the  
awful tragedy of suspense in her own life that  
made her utter remorselessly the thing she saw.

In her own way, and on her own plane, the  
Wise Woman of Thornburg Moor was of the  
number of those who thirst after Truth at any  
cost.

... ..

One afternoon, late in November—a  
month during which Janet's calm was always  
somewhat broken—she was driving her empty  
cart home across the moor from Bermerside  
Market. It was a time of cold grey weather, the  
breeze whistled among frozen rushes in the  
pools by the road-side, and stirred the with-  
ered bracken on the expanse beyond. Twilight

The best guide in life is strength.  
In religion, as in all other matters,  
discard everything that weakens  
you, have nothing to do with it.

—Swami Vivekananda

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